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JUNE 1972

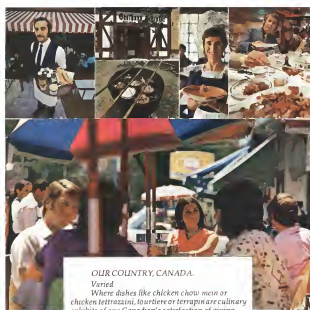
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

35¢

# Macleans



Leonard Cohen: Getting body and soul together



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OTHER FACTS: WILLARD HADSON

# THE VIEW FROM CANADA

BY JOHN GRAY

One current theory among some of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's closest advisers is that an election campaign based on energized Canadian nationalism would sweep the country. The scenario is beautifully simple, and just a slight distortion of the realities of the Trudeau years: defeat the American villain, anger against Prime Pierre is for Americans and against Canada, and the Liberals return.

But that blaring line of attack has been diffused. Instead of ardent trumpet calling Canadians to the barricades, the Liberals will use nationalism as the soft background music designed for repressed nationalism. The good-manager Liberals will be the low-key revision of the Canadian identity, a brilliant conceit which should include everything and satisfy everyone. Confrontation who identify nationalism with bare-burning nationalism can hardly object, for nationalism who years for personal satisfaction, it will be a kind of Canada Without Tears.

For a time last autumn, the government really did appear to generate a kind of nationalism. It seemed like a Russian candle in the weeks after the invasion of the American embargo and then plummeted almost as quickly. By the time Trudeau visited Washington in December, only a soft glow remained, the last spark had disappeared before President Richard Nixon paid his brief visit to Ottawa.

The sense of the Nixon visit can only be understood in the context of the dramatic eight months which preceded it, back to that Sunday in August when the President announced his dramatic presidential intentions to save the U.S. economy. The massive themeatics and their long-range implications were an appalling shock for the Trudeau government.

There was no sign of a nationalist truce when two cabinet ministers decided to go to Washington four days after the Nixon message were announced. They were not protesting that Canada should not be asked to pay the bill for Vietnam. They were sympathetic to the American problems, but surely there could be an exception. For good old Canada, just the way that had always been in the past. The Trudeau and Libers and Trudeau pay the bill, but don't stick it to the new fellows in Ottawa. But, of course, there was to be no exception for Canada this time. The embargo on imports to the U.S. from Canada was sticking, whatever they said about the world's longest guarded border.

The government maintained its gloomy view of the American embargo for many months, long after they had received a recent study — which they kept secret — indicating their fears were exaggerated. The lighter estimates of probable Canadian suffering were a handy new excuse for the continuing unemployment. It took about a month for a few ministers, such as the Prime Minister and External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp, to recover their composure.

The new stance which evolved slowly is probably best described as reluctant but definite realism. If the Americans were pro-

ving to carry on this way, they said, then perhaps Canada would have to think again about the whole relationship.

The glibly idea of independence was carried even further when Trudeau abandoned his liaison with the Soviet Union during the visit of Premier Alexei Kosygin last October. He even persuaded himself the hope that the friendship with Moscow would be as warm as the friendship with Washington had always been.

Nobody knew it at the time, but Trudeau ended the romance shortly afterwards. He sent off a letter to Nixon about the whole Kosygin affair, just to show there was really only one true love in Canada's heart. That summer was marked publicly when he went to Washington before Christmas and quoted Nixon's "historically new statement" about Canada being able to determine its own economic course.

The Prime Minister was creating a public commitment by the President that would allow the Canadian when to look away from the dangerous reciprocity to which it had crawled at the height of the crisis. All that remained was for Nixon to come to Ottawa to quote Trudeau quoting Nixon. There was no need for future frustration. It was a small but smothering gesture of obedience to Canadian nationalism.

That careful performance, from the time he stepped off his presidential plane to the time he left, was not their idea of generosity on the part of Nixon. Canadian officials had gone out of their way to inform the White House that the Canadian government and the Canadian public were worried about the state of relations between Ottawa and Washington. They wanted those worries laid to rest for the good of both countries.

In the short run, the political advantage to Nixon of the Ottawa visit seems negligible at home Canada, as everyone keeps saying, it is not big news in the U.S. But, in the long run, Nixon has many fish to fry on this side of the border, and anti-Americans would not help him. He may yet want his pipeline for Alaska cut down the Mackenzie Valley. He will eventually want fresh water. He undoubtedly already wants a free hand at Canadian resources. More immediately, he would prefer not to let anger Canadians about American because that might form a tougher Canadian policy toward foreign control of the economy, and that would hurt a lot of Nixon's corporate friends.

For Trudeau, the sitting of summer is undoubtedly a personal risk. His revelation against the excesses of any kind of nationalism would make him uncomfortable mounting the distorted banners against the demons of American capital. Currently the main support of the Liberal party — as he recognized years ago — would not like that party too reliably helped against foreign pressure. Too many of these bankers are placemen of the American capital for the Liberals to be trapped into that kind of corner.

However, if the political and psychological crisis has been settled, the crisis of the economic relationship remains. And all the banal chatter about friendly-but-different during the Nixon visit, however, has yet faced the fact that there are many times when the economies of the two countries are inevitably in conflict.

Whatever one wants were said about good old friendly Canada in the House of Commons in April, if it's broken down to a crude choice between jobs for Americans in Alaska, Ohio, and jobs for Canadians in Ottawa, Ontario, Richard Nixon will forget he ever visited Ottawa. ■

John Gray is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.



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SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU



# FAMOUS LAST WORDS FROM LEONARD COHEN

BY PAUL SALTZMAN

The poet's final interview, he hopes

Last fall I'd heard from a friend that Leonard was passing through Toronto. Which is generally the way people who know Leonard hear about him. A friend will whisper to another, "Leonard's in town [know] or [did you hear] Leonard was in town last week?" and so it goes, and, by the time you'd hear about it, Leonard Cohen would be far away.

This time the rumor's true, he's still in town, and we meet at an elegant French restaurant where he and a writer friend are joyously interested in a new seafood celebration. When I arrive, they have just had their way with wonderfully rich dishes of oysters and clams and shrimps and are elated by the discovery of a lobster pot on the dinner menu. Leonard looks healthier than ever. There was a time when he would describe himself as "a fat, shabby kid of 25" but he is 37 now and in fine shape, having discovered yoga, meditation, fasting and the general effects of eating with consideration for the body.

He was here this time because the University of Toronto had just bought his papers and he was spending a rich day sifting through the material to see what kind of man he'd been in the early days. He was about to hit the road again, he told, leave for Winnipeg to pick up his Toyota jeep and drive to the mountains near Los Angeles and spend a month in a Japanese monastery.

After that he's heading for Nashville, he adds, to rehearse with a new band for a concert tour of Europe. He's obliged to deliver two more albums to Columbia Records and his departure has been way to leave the situation as his two live albums predicted on tour. I tell him that I'm trying to write about him and could I come down to see him. He promises, points over the lobster pie and says, "Okay, why not?" So off we straggled. We'll get in touch and I'll go down to Nashville during the rehearsals.

I first met Leonard Cohen just before Christmas in 1970. He was doing a concert tour in the United States and I'd been asked to produce the four concerts here. Massey Hall in Toronto, Carleton University in Ottawa, Place des Arts in Montreal and a free concert in a Montreal mental hospital. Leonard likes to play to mental patients, I was told, he admires the humanity of the audience. "If they don't like you they just get up and leave." By the time I was already haunted by him. These years ago, I'd been touched, like so many others, by his music:

*"Sometimes when you're down / In her place by the river / And she looks you out and stranger / She sees all the way from China / And just when you want to tell her / That you've got to leave to go far / She takes you on her shoulders / And she lets the river answer / That you're always been her lover."*

Later I'd read his poetry and the rustic novel *Beautiful Losers* and had heard him say something on CBC-TV that comes to mind now whenever the temptation to make judgments about others arises. He said, "There's no story so fascinating as the I cannot imagine myself the victim."

Just who was this obviously lost, half-crazy poet anyway? Why was he? I wanted to know. Such questions were rare, to be sought out, to be near for a while.

We met at the Windsor Arms Hotel just off Bloor Street (the kind of place where Gloria Swanson stays when she's in town) and Leonard seemed more rested and healthier than he did on TV. He was true and carried his body with a kind of refreshing poise and talked the way he walked; aware of his own speed. He was staying there with his group (two female singers, four musicians, a roadie, recording engineer and equipment man).

The next day, after a very successful Massey Hall concert, we all flew off to Ottawa. The band had the kind of weariness which comes from six electrically intense weeks on the road. I was feeling very good and waiting anxiously for time to share with Leonard, when the musicians weren't so fast. There were so many things I wanted to find out.

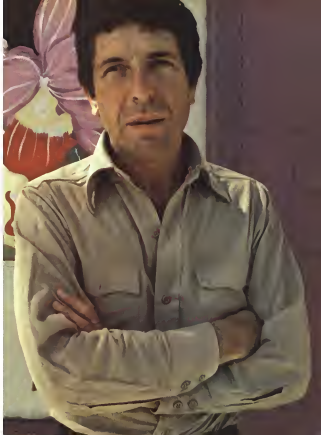
In Ottawa the night was magical. During the second half of the concert, the radio's Billy Donovan and I moved from the dark side of the stage to the light near the piano. The space transformations, from dark to light, was shocking, like opposite electrical charges. The audience disappeared into an awesome black void in front of the stage. And a powerful tension was growing between Leonard and the darkness. Immediately I felt terrified for him, in front, the black entity, like some sort of energy monster, was sucking him in. I wanted to turn up the lights and release him. The hunger of the audience was frightening. There were signs of struggle on his face, fighting to keep control. Then suddenly he made an emotional connection with something out there and the magic broke. He, Alvin Karpis's voice, his mouth as it woke up, and Leonard woke the blackout at that night. The concert was over and the audience leaped to its feet, responding loudly and ecstatically. Leonard slipped the guitar strap from his shoulder, stood silent for a moment and said, "We good to be back in Canada. This is coming home and I want to thank you for sharing this experience."

Twenty minutes later, after the sound equipment was cleared and the gym empty, a girl approached us nervously and asked us to take her to Leonard's dressing room. She was beautiful, clearly respectful. She followed gently as we made our way outside to the dressing-room stairs. There, in front of us, were Leonard and the band laughing joyfully and throwing snowballs at each other. She was stunned. The girl obviously couldn't reconcile this sound with her fan's worship.

Later that night Freddy of the second row and I were talking, very confused, about the girl and the magic and the disarming quality of the solitude, that young energy, and I wondered how or why Leonard got up with this kind of rehearsing tour. It was scary. We decided to go and talk to him about it. We knew he wouldn't be confused. It was 3 a.m. when he knocked on his hotel door. A weary voice asked who it was.

"It's Fred and Freddy — can we talk with you?"  
"Can it wait until morning, now?" *Continued on page 77*

Leonard Cohen at home at Toronto's Orchard Lounge in Mayville, Tennessee. I have tried in my way to be like him.



# There's a name for richer, riper tobacco.

Peter Jackson



## THE VIEW FROM THE MARITIMES BY RICHARD WILBUR

Our neighbor's 15-year-old daughter Lisa went to town the other day. She came back with all her upper teeth missing. No, the kids' bus is an accident and her teeth had been found and strong. But they're also been gone crooked and so she simply did what many of her friends and relatives have done: she made them come tumble vast to the town's lower dentist and get all the pain over with at once. Sometime this summer, if her father finds the money, Lisa will get her store-bought teeth and then she will be able to smile again without pining her hand over her mouth. Lisa is a victim of the Maritime disease: economic despair.

I think growing effort Canadians — particularly Upper Canadians — this view of the Maritimes. It clearly confirms the impression that we are all going down the road — a road paid for mostly by your hard-earned taxes. But perhaps you can't be blamed for your views since all you ever hear about the Maritimes' problems, we have the highest unemployment rate, we've had Canada's worst pollution disaster, the Atomic spill in the St. Lawrence Bay, the pulp and paper industry, once our economy, is going sour and our fishing industry seems destined to follow, our potato farmers have lost their markets in Ontario. Not only is our economy on the brink but now these inner-city Asians are ruining New Brunswick's image of the perfect bilingual province by demanding that Montreal's Mayor Jeanne Levesque stop giving a third of her constituents — those who speak French. What ever happened to the Maritimes' bucolic Loyalist world, the one you see through rose-colored summer glasses?

Rightly or wrongly, we Maritimers are a little touchy these days about Upper Canada's actions and attitudes toward us. We aren't complaining we've been neglected. We're more concerned that all the major decisions for developing the stagnant economy of the Maritimes during the past decade have been imposed on us from Ottawa (admittedly with a bit of help from our politicians).

Ottawa's "land solution" for the Maritime problem has been 10 years writhing. Specifically, it was designed to lessen the depopulation of the region and translocate those provinces into one under the guise of Maritime union. To an Upper Canadian, it seemed a logical solution. Maritimers were leaving anyway so let Ottawa speed up the process. To top it off, Maritime politicians used what federal money they had at their disposal to pursue the Holy Grail of industrialization and its accompanying urbanization.

Through a capital grant system, they forced the small communities to close their schools and bus their children to distant education facilities designed to turn out featureless graduates. Handed out levels federal incentive grants so long as businesses were established or expanded near the first designated growth centers of Halifax, St. John's, Moncton or Saint John's. Money that was meant for Borden, Edmundston or Bathurst. Placed out the small towns in Cape Breton and Miramichi and paid the money to move to

Alberta. Encouraged the construction of a huge hydro dam on the Saint John River to provide another expensive commodity for the U.S. — the fact that hundreds of farms were flooded and salmon fishing was ended would only quicken the migration. Sent another 1,200 citizens packing (though compensated) by establishing another national park (Kouchibouguet) in Kent County, NB. Turned PEI into a factory town as well as a tourist haven and gave away pension to rural property holders. Reduced mental shipping, medical and educational services in New Brunswick and moved the department to St. John's.

In many cases, I think the politicians' intentions were sincere but it's now apparent that Ottawa's "land solution" for the Maritimes is not working. The present Canadian economic picture, which doesn't favor expansion of industrialization anywhere, is one reason. Another is the Maritime human factor. The decision made leaving us too over, but he later been pulled out the door.

To give them these days, both levels of government have tried more recently to find out what people are really thinking. But this, too, has backfired. Federally funded and personally administered union groups such as NewStart in Kent County, NB, or a similar organization in PEI, have not only helped people to voice their opinion of Maritimer development and anti-unemployment schemes but also helped the people to successfully organize themselves in opposing government policy. In northern New Brunswick's predominantly French-speaking counties of Gloucester and Restigouche, an union group has been so successful that welfare recipients (whose cheques were delayed) took plant workers (whose factory was shut down) as its U.S. owners can establish an He-Do-La-Middle-class job show up

for a demonstration on pig tusk. The result was a violent confrontation in Bathurst's welfare office.

Even the "Day of Concern" organized last winter by local labor leaders to dramatize the region's depressed state got out of hand. In Bathurst, NB, the carnival crowd included Jean Macdonald, Robert Stanfield, David Lewis and Premier Richard Hatfield, but they had to stop aside to make way for the crowd's favorite, Mathilda Blanchard, president of the Canadian Seafloor Workers Union and an ex-Tony Her imposture speech captured the feelings of many Maritimers. "You've stolen us and reshaped us," she told the stunned visitors. "And then you told us that we're still there and should be moved elsewhere. Well, I'm telling you we aren't leaving the northeast. We're staying here. You've destroyed our forests. You've destroyed our cattle beds. You've ruined our farms with your property taxes. You've ruined our education system and reduced our unemployment insurance scheme to zero by moving everything to Moncton. But we aren't moving. We're the proud loved a, and earned. Mathilda should be high out of the stadium."

I wish we Maritimers would show as much enthusiasm in the search for alternatives to Ottawa's imposed solutions. I wish we would all get off this industrialization kick for the Maritimes and use of that Ottawa money where it would help ordinary people instead of pulp mill owners. If, in the past decade, we Maritimers had had fewer heavy water plants and more importantly recreation centers, fewer pulp mills and more medical schools, fewer export-oriented and more land-based, fewer hydro dams and more forests — then my young neighbor Lisa would still have her teeth and the Maritimes would be moving toward a people-oriented economy. ■

Richard Wilbur is a free-lance writer from Concord, NB.

OUR  
ROAD  
TO  
HELL  
IS  
PAVED  
WITH  
OTTAWA'S  
INTENTIONS



Mathilda Blanchard

## THE VIEW FROM THE PRAIRIES BY DOB BARON

Most federal Liberals are convinced that if there's any justice they should be heading in a warm glow of affection on the Prairies and be preparing to reap a harvest of new seats in the next federal election. After all, the Trudeau government has fashioned a great policy under which exports of a record 500 million barrels in 1979-81, compared to more than 100 million in 1972-73. The government has made the first steps in strengthening the grain transportation system, too, and now, with highly productive being taken seriously (176 million barrels exported last year), the stage is set for Western farmers to develop a vibrant chemical industry. In fact, the Liberals have made a bold claim at representing Canada's crushing Prairie grain policy — they have converted the new disaster of two or three years ago into at least a promise of hope. No wonder many Liberals think their party should be a shoe-in to garner a better share of Prairie seats on election day. Yet Liberals don't seem to realize that they are in a very tight spot.

Architect of the startling grain turnaround, and rapidly emerging strong man for Western Liberals, has been West Board Member (Don Lang). He's the one who forced the West Board to propel Prairie grain back into world markets. Yet even his seat is conceded to be in jeopardy. And particularly in the West, where "Liberalism" and "How much more can we do?"

Well, the answer coming from a growing number of Prairie spokesmen, a "pleity more." A feeling of alienation and frustration has taken root that won't be erased by one great success, by a new grain policy or by one high-fund election campaign. Even on the spot, Liberals admit that the Prairies have become not only a political power vacuum but a rich seedbed for fresh political thinking.

Senator Ed Melgel, former Manitoba Liberal leader, has made an urgent plea for political action to give the West a better place in Confederation. E. J. Coler, a Liberal MP from Winnipeg, has done the same. Doug Rowland, the federal NDP member from British Columbia, has done the same. He has said that the West is a "barren wasteland" and has declared a "barren wasteland" on the West's place in Confederation, saying that many Westerners now see Ottawa as an outright enemy. "From its birth," he charged, "Western Canada has been forced to accept a second-class colonial status within a political system which was never designed to give an equal security or effective power to settle of lower populations."

So a new philosophy about the West's place in Confederation is emerging — a philosophy with implications for all Canada.

James Richardson is a young millionaire from the Winnipeg-based grain and stock brokerage empire that bears the family name. Four years ago, alarmed that his country was in political trouble, he left his business, reorganized for a federal seat, and was one of the few Prairie Liberals to reach Ottawa. Today, as Minister of Supply and Services, he pays the bills for the federal bureaucracy. But his computers not only tell him what happens to

write, they also set out an array of facts about Canada's economy. Richardson is quite outspoken about self-effacing. But as his computers churned out their statistics, they convinced him that much Westerners believe is possible, that national unity itself is endangered by what he calls the "imbalance of Canada."

He pulls no punches when he explains his "imbalance" concept. The federal government is the biggest business in Canada, he says. In payroll and its public works budget are the country's biggest government of economic activity. Yet virtually all of the business goes into Ontario and Quebec. Crown corporations like Polymer, Air Canada and Canadian National, with their head offices, their technology and their tax bases, are in Ontario Canada. Just about all of the chartered banks' head offices are there, too. All are supported in good part by Prairie resources, by Prairie spending by Prairie people.

Look at what Canada's tariffs do. Richardson argues. Virtually all Canada's cars, refrigerators and TV sets are made in Ontario and Quebec using behind tariff walls, providing high-paying jobs for workers, tax bases for governments, and high-paying jobs for Westerners to buy. "Canada doesn't have a national tariff policy at all," grows Richardson. "Just a central Canada tariff policy."

It's not Liberal who's surprised that the West is alienated today. The West is one of the world's great resource areas, he insists. It has a tremendous agricultural base, and almost unlimited energy resources in gas and oil and water power. Its economic strength is undeniable. But it's not a "Western" Westerner, says he, is selling their goods for the same amount of money, while buying tariff-free goods for their standard of living would be higher.

Richardson's response isn't separation. He is forecasting a new concept of Confederation. At a recent two-day seminar in Brandon, he explained it to 60 leaders of Western agriculture, and they reached a consensus that it made sense. Under that concept, the Westerners would take up place beside the French fact in Canada, Richardson says. "The seeds of these two regions will govern Canada in the years ahead," he predicts. And he goes further and says our politicians have been trying to make Canada into a unitary country for too long. "It won't work, we are a federal country. This power is divided. We need only recognize that fact. The answer is decentralization. Federalism." But first, he says, the provinces must be more equal in economic strength. "No recognition can give Prince Edward Island and Ontario the same power," he says. "If the Western fact could be expressed as a single regional unit, in the way that the French fact is expressed by Quebec, both areas could be given more authority within the constitution without either getting special status." He's working to make this possible, too. He's one of a group of Westerners who are forming the "Canada West Council" as a step toward Western unity.

He's also working for all the short-term gains you can get under the existing system. He has just had the new West-based in Winnipeg. He hopes to establish more crown corporations and branches of the federal government there, too. He is also fighting to bring more privately owned manufacturing in the West. But he admits that one is running out of any effort to reduce the "imbalance of Canada." "There were no Western Patterns of Confederation," Richardson says, "and I am now convinced that there will have to be Western Patterns of Reunification."

Don Baron is the editor of Country Guide.

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## And some Hondas have no wheels at all.

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Well-engineered reliable engines. 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 32, 36, 40, 44, 48, 52, 56, 60, 64, 68, 72, 76, 80, 84, 88, 92, 96, 100, 104, 108, 112, 116, 120, 124, 128, 132, 136, 140, 144, 148, 152, 156, 160, 164, 168, 172, 176, 180, 184, 188, 192, 196, 200, 204, 208, 212, 216, 220, 224, 228, 232, 236, 240, 244, 248, 252, 256, 260, 264, 268, 272, 276, 280, 284, 288, 292, 296, 300, 304, 308, 312, 316, 320, 324, 328, 332, 336, 340, 344, 348, 352, 356, 360, 364, 368, 372, 376, 380, 384, 388, 392, 396, 400, 404, 408, 412, 416, 420, 424, 428, 432, 436, 440, 444, 448, 452, 456, 460, 464, 468, 472, 476, 480, 484, 488, 492, 496, 500, 504, 508, 512, 516, 520, 524, 528, 532, 536, 540, 544, 548, 552, 556, 560, 564, 568, 572, 576, 580, 584, 588, 592, 596, 600, 604, 608, 612, 616, 620, 624, 628, 632, 636, 640, 644, 648, 652, 656, 660, 664, 668, 672, 676, 680, 684, 688, 692, 696, 700, 704, 708, 712, 716, 720, 724, 728, 732, 736, 740, 744, 748, 752, 756, 760, 764, 768, 772, 776, 780, 784, 788, 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1492, 1496, 1500, 1504, 1508, 1512, 1516, 1520, 1524, 1528, 1532, 1536, 1540, 1544, 1548, 1552, 1556, 1560, 1564, 1568, 1572, 1576, 1580, 1584, 1588, 1592, 1596, 1600, 1604, 1608, 1612, 1616, 1620, 1624, 1628, 1632, 1636, 1640, 1644, 1648, 1652, 1656, 1660, 1664, 1668, 1672, 1676, 1680, 1684, 1688, 1692, 1696, 1700, 1704, 1708, 1712, 1716, 1720, 1724, 1728, 1732, 1736, 1740, 1744, 1748, 1752, 1756, 1760, 1764, 1768, 1772, 1776, 1780, 1784, 1788, 1792, 1796, 1800, 1804, 1808, 1812, 1816, 1820, 1824, 1828, 1832, 1836, 1840, 1844, 1848, 1852, 1856, 1860, 1864, 1868, 1872, 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896, 1900, 1904, 1908, 1912, 1916, 1920, 1924, 1928, 1932, 1936, 1940, 1944, 1948, 1952, 1956, 1960, 1964, 1968, 1972, 1976, 1980, 1984, 1988, 1992, 1996, 2000, 2004, 2008, 2012, 2016, 2020, 2024, 2028, 2032, 2036, 2040, 2044, 2048, 2052, 2056, 2060, 2064, 2068, 2072, 2076, 2080, 2084, 2088, 2092, 2096, 2100, 2104, 2108, 2112, 2116, 2120, 2124, 2128, 2132, 2136, 2140, 2144, 2148, 2152, 2156, 2160, 2164, 2168, 2172, 2176, 2180, 2184, 2188, 2192, 2196, 2200, 2204, 2208, 2212, 2216, 2220, 2224, 2228, 2232, 2236, 2240, 2244, 2248, 2252, 2256, 2260, 2264, 2268, 2272, 2276, 2280, 2284, 2288, 2292, 2296, 2300, 2304, 2308, 2312, 2316, 2320, 2324, 2328, 2332, 2336, 2340, 2344, 2348, 2352, 2356, 2360, 2364, 2368, 2372, 2376, 2380, 2384, 2388, 2392, 2396, 2400, 2404, 2408, 2412, 2416, 2420, 2424, 2428, 2432, 2436, 2440, 2444, 2448, 2452, 2456, 2460, 2464, 2468, 2472, 2476, 2480, 2484, 2488, 2492, 2496, 2500, 2504, 2508, 2512, 2516, 2520, 2524, 2528, 2532, 2536, 2540, 2544, 2548, 2552, 2556, 2560, 2564, 2568, 2572, 2576, 2580, 2584, 2588, 2592, 2596, 2600, 2604, 2608, 2612, 2616, 2620, 2624, 2628, 2632, 2636, 2640, 2644, 2648, 2652, 2656, 2660, 2664, 2668, 2672, 2676, 2680, 2684, 2688, 2692, 2696, 2700, 2704, 2708, 2712, 2716, 2720, 2724, 2728, 2732, 2736, 2740, 2744, 2748, 2752, 2756, 2760, 2764, 2768, 2772, 2776, 2780, 2784, 2788, 2792, 2796, 2800, 2804, 2808, 2812, 2816, 2820, 2824, 2828, 2832, 2836, 2840, 2844, 2848, 2852, 2856, 2860, 2864, 2868, 2872, 2876, 2880, 2884, 2888, 2892, 2896, 2900, 2904, 2908, 2912, 2916, 2920, 2924, 2928, 2932, 2936, 2940, 2944, 2948, 2952, 2956, 2960, 2964, 2968, 2972, 2976, 2980, 2984, 2988, 2992, 2996, 3000, 3004, 3008, 3012, 3016, 3020, 3024, 3028, 3032, 3036, 3040, 3044, 3048, 3052, 3056, 3060, 3064, 3068, 3072, 3076, 3080, 3084, 3088, 3092, 3096, 3100, 3104, 3108, 3112, 3116, 3120, 3124, 3128, 3132, 3136, 3140, 3144, 3148, 3152, 3156, 3160, 3164, 3168, 3172, 3176, 3180, 3184, 3188, 3192, 3196, 3200, 3204, 3208, 3212, 3216, 3220, 3224, 3228, 3232, 3236, 3240, 3244, 3248, 3252, 3256, 3260, 3264, 3268, 3272, 3276, 3280, 3284, 3288, 3292, 3296, 3300, 3304, 3308, 3312, 3316, 3320, 3324, 3328, 3332, 3336, 3340, 3344, 3348, 3352, 3356, 3360, 3364, 3368, 3372, 3376, 3380, 3384, 3388, 3392, 3396, 3400, 3404, 3408, 3412, 3416, 3420, 3424, 3428, 3432, 3436, 3440, 3444, 3448, 3452, 3456, 3460, 3464, 3468, 3472, 3476, 3480, 3484, 3488, 3492, 3496, 3500, 3504, 3508, 3512, 3516, 3520, 3524, 3528, 3532, 3536, 3540, 3544, 3548, 3552, 3556, 3560, 3564, 3568, 3572, 3576, 3580, 3584, 3588, 3592, 3596, 3600, 3604, 3608, 3612, 3616, 3620, 3624, 3628, 3632, 3636, 3640, 3644, 3648, 3652, 3656, 3660, 3664, 3668, 3672, 3676, 3680, 3684, 3688, 3692, 3696, 3700, 3704, 3708, 3712, 3716, 3720, 3724, 3728, 3732, 3736, 3740, 3744, 3748, 3752, 3756, 3760, 3764, 3768, 3772, 3776, 3780, 3784, 3788, 3792, 3796, 3800, 3804, 3808, 3812, 3816, 3820, 3824, 3828, 3832, 3836, 3840, 3844, 3848, 3852, 3856, 3860, 3864, 3868, 3872, 3876, 3880, 3884, 3888, 3892, 3896, 3900, 3904, 3908, 3912, 3916, 3920, 3924, 3928, 3932, 3936, 3940, 3944, 3948, 3952, 3956, 3960, 3964, 3968, 3972, 3976, 3980, 3984, 3988, 3992, 3996, 4000, 4004, 4008, 4012, 4016, 4020, 4024, 4028, 4032, 4036, 4040, 4044, 4048, 4052, 4056, 4060, 4064, 4068, 4072, 4076, 4080, 4084, 4088, 4092, 4096, 4100, 4104, 4108, 4112, 4116, 4120, 4124, 4128, 4132, 4136, 4140, 4144, 4148, 4152, 4156, 4160, 4164, 4168, 4172, 4176, 4180, 4184, 4188, 4192, 4196, 4200, 4204, 4208, 4212, 4216, 4220, 4224, 4228, 4232, 4236, 4240, 4244, 4248, 4252, 4256, 4260, 4264, 4268, 4272, 4276, 4280, 4284, 4288, 4292, 4296, 4300, 4304, 4308, 4312, 4316, 4320, 4324, 4328, 4332, 4336, 4340, 4344, 4348, 4352, 4356, 4360, 4364, 4368, 4372, 4376, 4380, 4384, 4388, 4392, 4396, 4400, 4404, 4408, 4412, 4416, 4420, 4424, 4428, 4432, 4436, 4440, 4444, 4448, 4452, 4456, 4460, 4464, 4468, 4472, 4476, 4480, 4484, 4488, 4492, 4496, 4500, 4504, 4508, 4512, 4516, 4520, 4524, 4528, 4532, 4536, 4540, 4544, 4548, 4552, 4556, 4560, 4564, 4568, 4572, 4576, 4580, 4584, 4588, 4592, 4596, 4600, 4604, 4608, 4612, 4616, 4620, 4624, 4628, 4632, 4636, 4640, 4644, 4648, 4652, 4656, 4660, 4664, 4668, 4672, 4676, 4680, 4684, 4688, 4692, 4696, 4700, 4704, 4708, 4712, 4716, 4720, 4724, 4728, 4732, 4736, 4740, 4744, 4748, 4752, 4756, 4760, 4764, 4768, 4772, 4776, 4780, 4784, 4788, 4792, 4796, 4800, 4804, 4808, 4812, 4816, 4820, 4824, 4828, 4832, 4836, 4840, 4844, 4848, 4852, 4856, 4860, 4864, 4868, 4872, 4876, 4880, 4884, 4888, 4892, 4896, 4900, 4904, 4908, 4912, 4916, 4920, 4924, 4928, 4932, 4936, 4940, 4944, 4948, 4952, 4956, 4960, 4964, 4968, 4972, 4976, 4980, 4984, 4988, 4992, 4996, 5000, 5004, 5008, 5012, 5016, 5020, 5024, 5028, 5032, 5036, 5040, 5044, 5048, 5052, 5056, 5060, 5064, 5068, 5072, 5076, 5080, 5084, 5088, 5092, 5096, 5100, 5104, 5108, 5112, 5116, 5120, 5124, 5128, 5132, 5136, 5140, 5144, 5148, 5152, 5156, 5160, 5164, 5168, 5172, 5176, 5180, 5184, 5188, 5192, 5196, 5200, 5204, 5208, 5212, 5216, 5220, 5224, 5228, 5232, 5236, 5240, 5244, 5248, 5252, 5256, 5260, 5264, 5268, 5272, 5276, 5280, 5284, 5288, 5292, 5296, 5300, 5304, 5308, 5312, 5316, 5320, 5324, 5328, 5332, 5336, 5340, 5344, 5348, 5352, 5356, 5360, 5364, 5368, 5372, 5376, 5380, 5384, 5388, 5392, 5396, 5400, 5404, 5408, 5412, 5416, 5420, 5424, 5428, 5432, 5436, 5440, 5444, 5448, 5452, 5456, 5460, 5464, 5468, 5472, 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6804, 6808, 6812, 6816, 6820, 6824, 6828, 6832, 6836, 6840, 6844, 6848, 6852, 6856, 6860, 6864, 6868, 6872, 6876, 6880, 6884, 6888, 6892, 6896, 6900, 6904, 6908, 6912, 6916, 6920, 6924, 6928, 6932, 6936, 6940, 6944, 6948, 6952, 6956, 6960, 6964, 6968, 6972, 6976, 6980, 6984, 6988, 6992, 6996, 7000, 7004, 7008, 7012, 7016, 7020, 7024, 7028, 7032, 7036, 7040, 7044, 7048, 7052, 7056, 7060, 7064, 706



*Forsyth*

John French Co Limited, Kitchener, Canada

## When I asked

Where I was born the earth was hot and  
meaning came down from the sky. It spoke  
out of hail and rain and lightning. The snow  
and wind which alone disfigured fireless  
Summer with a passive life when the land  
was dead.

[illegible]

From my point of view," says Lushington, "as Canada's national newspaper with a commitment to top-notch reporting and writing of the finest order, has a claim on the talents of Canadian writers. My chairman insists that *Maclean's* be an internal only recognized magazine of high literary and editorial quality. It can only be set aside as a magazine if those of us who are primarily thought of as serious writers turn our creative talents to helping make the magazine the important periodical it has recently become."

That a coil expands around ■

That's why we take the time to blend together 29 great aged whiskies into one great taste. Adams Private Stock.

Look into it.







7 Millbank, London, S.W. Behind these doors is a team of tobacco experts whose knowledge of the business is truly extraordinary.

# This is Millbank.

We believe it's the best cigarette we've ever made.

A good cigarette is made with fine tobacco, carefully blended. It's made with care, and attention to details.

It's made with pride. We know. We've been making cigarettes since 1912. Good cigarettes. Cigarettes we're proud of.

We're proudest of this one. In fact, we believe it's the best cigarette we've ever made.

Millbank. Try one soon.



Imperial Tobacco Products Ltd.

How Millbank got its name. There's a quiet busy street in the heart of London, a street that easily enters the heart of tradition with the spirit of modern commerce. Its name is Millbank.

Tobacco men from around the world know it well, because of the building at Number 7. A short stroll from the Houses of Parliament, Number 7 Millbank is the headquarters

of the British American Tobacco Company.

With 140 factories, 120,000 employees, and customers in over 200 countries, the British American Tobacco Company is only the world's largest tobacco corporation.

Imperial Tobacco of Canada is part of this organization: a partner of long standing. As such, it enjoys the benefits of a pool of in-

ternational expertise that just can't be matched anywhere.

We have immense pride in this affiliation and respect for the world-wide resources that Number 7 Millbank symbolizes.

As a mark of this respect we offer Millbank, a new long top cigarette. We believe it's the best cigarette we've ever made.



## Québec 3,000 years later: Have we got something to show you!

We've been a long time getting ready for your visit. And if we look to be well preserved after all these years, it's because history has been kind to us. Dating back to earliest times, Nature shaped an immense and beautiful land.

The arrival of our first civilization began a dream to superimposing of one culture over another. Caribs, Indians, Vikings, French, English, British, Irish... Until today we are who

we are! Predominantly French in language and culture, with other European and North American influences in evidence.

Silent yet expressive symbols of this evolution are our arts and artists. Each year, thousands of visitors bring home a little bit of Québec with them. To remind them of the joie de vivre and the friendly faces. Come, see for yourself! We have a lot to show you.



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Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 City: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Province: \_\_\_\_\_

(Observe above: Indian Indian small group / and woodlands / Indian Indian / Indian Indian group)

## YOUR VIEW

I would like to thank Jack Ludwig very much for writing the very real and human piece about Derek Sanderson — *The General Is General* (April). It is the first story I have ever read that tells people the truth without making him into a mere machine or a complete phony. Last summer I had the pleasure of finding out what a sensitive, observant and unique man he is. Thank you also for adding the article on Rudy Hering. He must be a very special type of woman. **ANNE FREEMONT KING CITY, ONT.**

### Sticks and stones

Who isn't William Kilbourn? Why, he made all his categories in *A Who's Who Of The Toronto Power Game* (April), even (golly!) The Jewish Community and (disparagingly) Ladies of Solitaires. You know, something like he would have made up other category Macdonald might have come up with! **DANIEL COOPER, TORONTO**

\*An examination of *A Who's Who Of The Toronto Power Game* (April) makes me question the words "the list are largely Anglo-Saxon Protestant still." Many of them in fact are Sam and Isaac Cohen, Isaacson — and they have always looked like the Toronto scene and particularly in financial affairs. **JACK MELNE, OAKVILLE, ONT.**

\*McKenzie Porter's book article in *The Sayer Among Captain Toronto Series* (April), about *The Book League Committee* in Toronto that was with dissent and anger. No good citizen, worth living and dying for, would waste wealth like that, coast off it due to exploitation of one kind or another, set a little of it toward out of the western country. It would appear that the *Family Compact* of 1837 days is still very much alive! **ALEXANDER CALDWELL CALGARY, ALTA.**

### It tu, Al Purdy?

You too, Al Purdy? In your *A Feast of Presence* (April), you speak of Duncan McKinnon being in Indian woman who

had hanged herself while the Plains Cree were being passed by troops in the Northwest Rebellion, and you visualize her "swaying slightly in the wind as she hung on a crooked oak tree." Crookedwood? North of the North Saskatchewan River?

Well, yes, what hope can there be when the best of our living poets is so widely, so profoundly, corrupted south? That no more maple trees, dress the poles (vertical and unconnected) anyway) in blue the country is lost.

One of the Canadian soldiers who found this woman, I. B. Gird, wrote of in his book *Reminiscences Of A Battle* (1897). Having ridden through that world for several months, he does not imply that these are trees there big enough to hang casual in proper "vertical" fashion, even if no Indian folk might have been instructed on how to do that. He records "...at the edge of this marsh, we found the body of an Indian woman, the poor creature was in a sort of kneeling position, her body hanging forward so as to show its weight on the slender cord with which she had strangled herself, a small collie dog, with poor Delaney's name (as of the white man murdered in Frog Lake) on the collar, was keeping guard over her." **RUDY WEISS, AMSTERDAM, NE**

### About that mousetrap

The letter is to inform you that Whomsoever Industries Limited, our client, has not bought control of Forcatal Automotive Industries Limited, as stated in *Building The Better Tomorrow* (April). Negotiations with a view to Whomsoever Industries acquiring an option to purchase shares in the capital stock of Forcatal and acquiring the shares of an electronics company, were terminated without agreement being reached and no further negotiations are contemplated with John Smyth or Forcatal or the other parties concerned. There are no contracts or arrangements in effect or contemplated between Whomsoever Industries on the one hand and John Smyth and Forcatal on the other hand. **LAMBER DOWNING, BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS VANCOUVER**

\*You have recently had a letter from Messrs. Lamber Downings advising that there are no contracts or arrangements in effect or contemplated between Whomsoever Industries Limited on the one hand and John Smyth and Forcatal Automotive Industries Limited on the other. We confirm that advice to you. Forcatal also wants to make it clear that it has received much funds for its program, although they have in fact been

obtained elsewhere. **DEBET COULTER & STANFORD VAN COUVER**

\*If our federal government spent less rhetoric and gave more encouragement to Canadian inventors — *Building The Better Tomorrow* (April) — there would be far less concern about new materials being shipped to the United States and elsewhere. I have the pleasure to comply with Dr. Rudy Hering and his frustrating experience in trying to obtain financial backing for his idea. This country will only result in manufacturing potential and provide much needed employment when initiative and new ideas in Canada are encouraged. Urgently needed is an agency where all inventions and ideas can be honestly assessed and classified before contact with the Federal Patent Office and the standard high end of patent lawyers. **E. LARRY O'LEARY, OTTAWA**

### We'll have your ear!

I've seldom seen a more gossipy article than Don Newlands' *Music* (April). He sounds like a poor gripper who foolishly measured Twissie, Twissie, Little Star on the piano, then had to renounce all thoughts of entering his repertoire because some old witted old with the other rolls for his player piano. In Newlands' case, one might paraphrase a well-known saying to read, "There is one, come, come, there is not, proceed." **MIL STEVENSON, TORONTO**

\*Don Newlands' mistaken-on-it remark on Montreal pianist Claude Savard — *Music* (April) — was both unwarranted and misleading. Admiring Mr. Savard's playing is to do away make a weak and inept remark according to your article, but I'll match you with last year's day. **WILLIAM ASKE WOODWARD**

### Giving our oil

Although I can't really judge the tax advice that lawyer H. H. Asper has given you April issue — *20 Years' Faithful Service* (April) — I regret that we can do without his investment services since 14 of his assets suggested real estate is a better investment than bonds. Maybe, but even if we accept his rental figures, consider almost all of his assets are about \$95,000 or \$2,700 per year (without repayment of principal). This would leave an after-tax return of \$500, not the suggested \$1,000. The depreciation deduction would help. *continued on page 16*

In the beginning...the earth, the sun and the rain



And now...wines of unforgettable good taste.



JORDAN WINES



## The new fully automatic Miranda Sensorex EE

...the sensitive camera that can take it and take it.

Just point and click! That's all you have to do with Miranda's new 35 mm (single lens reflex) Sensorex EE. It's a fully automatic system camera that takes sharp, accurate pictures without a lot of bother. That's the kind of performance you appreciate when shooting conditions are not ideal. And even when they are.

The Auto Sensorex EE is a tough little performer. It's priced so reasonably you can feel comfortable about taking a quality camera anywhere.

Miranda has put together a combination of exciting and distinctive features in the Auto Sensorex EE. Features like the exclusive interchangeable viewfinder that lets you have through the lens viewing and metering at any level.

The average and spot metering system make exposure in any lighting conditions a snap.

Miranda's Cds light metering system is on the mirror behind the lens...for total accuracy!

The variable lens mount of the Auto Sensorex EE allows for over 1500 different lenses and accessories with adapters. You can shoot with 17 different adapters using the Auto Miranda 50 mm, f1.4 or f1.8 (the lens you get with the camera).

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To show you how serious we are at Miranda, the fully automatic Sensorex EE is guaranteed for a full 3 years (like all Miranda cameras). That's how sure we are the Sensorex can take it and take it.



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Your View continued  
for a while but not forever. While inflation will cause rents to climb so will repair bills and property taxes. Further, since the landlord has only one third interest in equity in the property only one third of any capital gain is his. Although Asper neglected to mention it, in his "his advice," this law will be taxed under the new system.

DAVID ENNS, COVINGTON, ONT.

## No more, mon vieux

As a former resident of Professor Gaudet's at Bishop's University, it was with mixed feelings that I received his piece — *Ralph Gaudet's Canada* (March). Gaudet is beyond question a warm and humane person, a fine scholar, and an inspiring teacher. However, I must take exception to the views he expresses concerning the Francophone population of Quebec.

This profusion of English speakers both the genuine minority and the insensitivity so characteristic of most English-speaking Quebecers today. It is incredible that Gaudet could actually write that for the "French (or) west" that the English have "meant" that "everybody wants to be more equal." To merely down certain basic human rights — such as the ability to preserve one's culture — is hardly a desire for more than equality.

While Anglophone domination of Quebec has remained unchallenged for more than two centuries, French-Canadian society is presently in the midst of an irreversible revolution in values — a transformation which Professor Gaudet and the rest of the "best-of-the-best" cosmopolitan speakers of English must learn to accept.

Ralph Gaudet's Canada is a small and provincial place, and as such he is led to make remarks which are unfortunate, to say the least, and which surely may be considered as mild racism. Particularly upsetting are his opinions concerning the city of Sherbrooke. The implication is clear that while the queen of Eastern Townships was populated by 10,000 souls, most of whom were Anglophones, the city was "ethnic" and a "place of waterfalls" — and streets leading into street country? Now, however, Sherbrooke is basically a Francophone community and as such a "place of incredible urban heat loss."

We can thank Professor Gaudet, though, for spotlighting the crux of the Anglophone problem in Quebec today with his statement: "Now I am an educated minority." Gaudet's views have changed radically since Gaudet grew up in the Townships, but no one is answered unless they themselves desire it.

Time is growing short for English-speaking Quebecers to stop paying attention to the English past, in which French Canadians played the role of a quiescent Samba, and begin to meet the numerous opportunities now presenting themselves to join with the Francophone majority and construct a new Quebec — a Quebec finally concerned on the basis of equality for all.

Unfortunately, Gaudet's article displays concern only for a false image of French-Canadian society. His thinking represents that which must be overcome by all Canadians if we are to live in the unity with them that is the future. At first glance it might seem as if Macdonald had done a disservice to the national public by publishing such a piece, but upon careful scrutiny it would seem that we might learn a great deal from this Public's audience.

W. GRHAM MOORE, WORCESTER, MASS.

## Moved and moving

I was really moved on opening my Mailbox to see the picture of Russ Kemm — *Muse* (March). Peter C. Newman's article was excellent and will warm the hearts of many Kenyon fans. For me the most moving personal experience came at the Brent Inn in Burlington, Ontario. I was in my room and it was the first time that I had heard the Kennebec band in person. Although I was further with most of his records I found myself completely captivated for such a revealing emotional experience. The beauty of that moment will never leave me.

I was glad to hear of Kemm's latest releases, which include *Jump Day*, a tune that we have been hearing for the past years.

Thank you, Peter Newman, for sharing some of your nostalgic moments with us.

JUDY CHENHALL, THUNDERBAY, ONT.

## Laughing matters

Harlan Robertson's criticisms of TV — *Television* (April) — are very cutting and cruel to say the least. There are the only outlets we, the senior citizens of Canada, have, as most of the programs today — in the theatre and on TV — are so violent, sex-filled, or are pictures of war and so full of suffering of the innocent, as well as soldiers. We have all been through this sorrow in reality, and do not relish seeing it over and over again in one form or another. The hosts of the modern programs are long past for us, and comedy as good drama or light fiction is what we like for entertainment.

Non-sense of the pastures today leave me, and I guess other senior citizens as well, very disturbed, unable to forget what I have seen, and unable to sleep after viewing the violence and sex pervasion that is so openly displayed in the pastures today. Hence we — the older generation — like to see something light and amusing, and also programs that do not leave us in a state of sorrow and fear.

MRS. G. I. HALL, VANCOUVER

## View from where?

I have been subscribing to your magazine for some months now and find Peter Newman's articles top. However, *The View From The Prairie* (February) by Don Brown left a sour taste in my mouth.

I quit his paper, *Cowboy Guide*, to get away from his obvious promotion of agri-business interests, and his unbalanced attitude on the Wheat Board. His article would more aptly be called *The View From On Top Of The Wheat-Price Grain Exchange*. His views do not make him a spokesman for the Prairie farmers but rather a spokesman for the exploitive agri-business interests. He pretends the Farmers' Wheat Growers Association, which is a small group associated with agri-business interests, yet he makes no mention of the much larger National Farmers Union, which truly represents the farmers.

The NFU has been in the forefront of the battle with Ottawa for an agricultural policy to save the family farm. It was the NFU that was responsible for the large "market" that prevented Dums. However, it was not for the reason he suggested but rather to force reform in the HEC system to allow the actual farm production some power in determining the price of their own product. Brown is an advocate of allowing the Eastern farmers off against the Western farmers while agri-business collects the gate receipts.

Much of what Brown says in regard to the western farmers' situation from the *Tea-bag* is very true. However, he has a strange way of using that word for the promotion of the grain trade and agri-business interests.

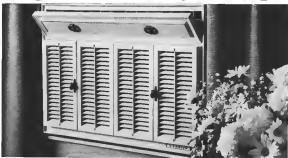
PETER H. REESE, DEADWOOD, ALTA.

## It's a good trip

Glad to see Macdonald finally dealing with the real Confederation. I was shocked during the past few years that just what was going on. I enjoyed the articles in *The Bookends* (February, March) very much. Give us more.

ROBERT CARLEN, CORNWALL, P.E.I.

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TRAVELERS OF CANADA

## WHAT IT MEANS TO BE ENGLISH IN A VERY FRENCH QUÉBEC

BY ANN CHARNEY

*The good old days are good no more*

Last winter, I took a friend of mine from Calgary to hear Yvon Deschamps, the popular Quebecer satirist. One of the stars that evening was a long monologue entitled "Les Anglais." Toward the end of it, Deschamps put the audience through a kind of political interview.

"Who has the largest fortune in Quebec?" he called out. "Les Anglais!" they shouted back. "Who runs our economy?" "Les Anglais!"

The routine continued in this fashion with both Deschamps and the audience consciously recasting a common stereotype and mocking it at the same time.

My friend turned to me later and said: "You know when Deschamps talked about the 'Anglais,' I suddenly felt very glad, maybe for the first time, that I don't live here. I had a strange feeling in that hall. As if I'd attended on a family reunion where I pretended to laugh at a private joke that I

haven't really grasped. It must be very difficult these days to be an 'Anglais' in Quebec."

Many English-speaking Quebecers would agree with my friend. While it is still true that some members of the English community are so assimilated and provincial that the troubles in Quebec seem no closer than, say, those in Ireland, for the most part they are aware that they are living in difficult and bewildering times. They sense that they are caught, trapped, in a particular moment of history when our heritage of racial tensions demands its retribution. In different ways, through different events, there comes the recognition that a certain landmark has been passed. There can be no going back, and yet what has passed seems menacing, frightening. Yes, they agree readily, it is not easy to be an English-speaking

*By John Pope, businessman: "About I leave Quebec? Never! I'm as much a part of this place as my French Canadian."*



Quebecer these days.

Everything in his world is changing or threatened. The old English street names such as Warren and Maplewood streets that are part of the landscape of his childhood, are being replaced by Montmorency and Edmond Montpetit. French names he can never quite remember. His antipathies, McGill for example, once the pride of the country, are being tarnished by Quebecois nationalists and charged with protesting racism and discrimination. His choice residential areas, Westmount and Hampden, the Town of Mount Royal, symbols of all that is best in his world, are vilified as snog ghettos. The old reflexes of superiority that have rooted him in good stead collectively, are



now objects of attack or derision.

Whether he is a newcomer to Quebec's English community or the descendant of one of its oldest families, he is automatically relegated by Quebecois nationalists to the company of bigots and exploiters simply by virtue of the language he speaks. Often, he is the fist of just by association. Invariably, he rejects it. "Isn't it true they talking about?" he asks. "Why must they always drag out the past? I wasn't here two hundred years ago. I didn't come here as a conqueror. We've always worked hard to live as we do. If they didn't get ahead it's because they didn't want to or because they were too lazy. Now it's convenient for them to blame us." The national

progressive Anglo-Saxon image fades as he defends himself with a depth of emotion he never suspected he had. As the walls of his confusion the English-speaking Quebecer no longer knows whom to trust. The national leaders of his community — the politicians, the businessmen, the clergymen, the social analysts, the publicists — are all in constant disagreement. The education to whom he cannot his children continue to wrangle among themselves. If he supports French schools the administrators of the English school system in Quebec will try to encourage him hereby by suggesting that his children will learn into Canadian values and that his schools will be ruled by Papist dictators. At the same time he's exhausted



to spend large sums of money on French summer camps, private tutors, or international trips — in France.

He knows several people who have actually left the province and others who are planning to. A few are transferring their votes — "just in case." He is worried about the uncertain economic prospects of Quebec and the high unemployment rate. Inevitably, he attributes that to the separatist scare and promises of or municipal mismanagement. Should he think of moving? No, by God, no one is going to make him leave. This is his home, he loves it. It belongs as much to him as to the French.

Thinking thoughts return. The main-  
continued on page 68

Four Linnburg, New York. A person who lives here and can't understand how France is unable to understand the problems.



1. Markley Smith, Baltimore. Discrimination against the French Canadian? I don't believe it exists.

Black Mountain, New York. I don't know what will happen. I hear the kind of discrimination we have to be looking for.



Harriet Sheppard, secretary. We are being discriminated against. It's our loss. I don't see how we can do that.

# THE GREATEST CANADIAN IN THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME

BY JACK LUDWIG

"Ferguson Jenkins is one of the best pitchers in baseball ever — I include them all." — Leo Durocher

Light snow supplied a bride's train trailing cars, or hoped-to (remembered) around whisks, then, wind-whipped, pulled into night darkness. (Grand) snow outside the all, played-around sounds memorialized a recent heavy storm. From Windsor to Chatham, my destination, the 401 was still clear, but a blizzard had closed the highway near London. Snow was forecast for Chatham, heavy winds were forecast. My plane had been delayed in Toronto for over an hour, de-icing. The runway outside the glass window could have said that sorry, too. Waiting in the airport I called my daughter, who lives in Toronto. "Babe! Is it this weather? I don't believe it! My father the job — fast hockey, now baseball, what was I saying that midnight? Oh, he'll be there. The job thought about those Macdon's editors springing the one and only baseball team that could get the man out on such a winter night, Ferguson Jenkins. An incredibly talented pitcher, a Canadian, a Scot could win a man's championship on base! A writer, I would think, believes me. I hope to find him at a man's unexpected spaces. The next curve in the road might reveal a new Chatham, snow race flying back a great road as snowfall. From a novelist's point of view, providence. Back on the night of the wedding. Snow. Even in this weather.

Then, of course, there was the legend of the underground railroad, the secret route used by some of Ferguson Jenkins' forebears, to escape slavery. Chatham, Ontario, Boston, Maine. They were free.

Little did I guess, then, how my almost invisible ignorance would be bewitched in the coming hours — and days, and months. Little did I guess as I turned off the 401 toward Chatham — as in this story and North American visual adventures — something quite original was happening. And what a confrontation with my eye — did I see some pizza parlor glowing in the night? Was I looking at a small, the breakfast view? My eye with each other for who can make sense that fast, hard and less dangerous, and the calls directed to pushing, again with meander in the hope that those who turn on the watered-kitchen (spice) were's notice. The Canadian League and other good fellowship (who) were less than then, dinner, the happy moments were especially created up with Saturday night cheer. Old frame buildings showed signs of the battered-but cyclonic — windows cracked, steps uneven, faded paint, barewood light bulbs. TV image, semi-convincingly picked on, dimmed, purple, signed in heads but brought up out of sorts, and the inevitable scattering of Macdon's first but in the



Jenkins at work. 20 years he pitched in a row.

backs, rather drunk, dead, libel-misleading, or feigning sleep.

One of the traffic flow I headed toward Ferguson Jenkins' house, where the railroad tracks as guide. Snow began falling down soft and easy in streetlight light, giving sparkling. A couple crossed at an intersection.

"Excuse me," I called out, "can you tell me where Ferguson Jenkins lives?"

"Fergie?" the girl said. "Sure."

I walked back into town, stopped a man on his house.

"Who? Ferguson Jenkins? Oh, you mean Fergie — sure, Fergie lives on Adelaide, just before the tracks. Home now, the big street there is Queen Street — you'll see something called the Chrysler Dealership, or maybe it's called something else. Those things come and go. Just head a street past — oh, sure, when you come to Adelaide you'll know Fergie's house right away. Keep a white bus, something like a carport, parked in front. He's a friendly. If you go in his back-

yard you can even see his heating dogs. Fergie must mean them. Just the other day he was out for fishing, it dawned. He didn't cheer at the Holiday Inn."

I began a game, navigating my way to the Jenkins house, stopping everyone I met to see who knew not only the house but the exact location of his house. Almost everyone did. A tiny gangly black young man in a blue hat and beanie face told me to look for a long station wagon with three plates. A white woman in a grey jacket told me the house had been painted recently. Two young girls walking slowly through the snowfall told me the house recently had a gas station attendant, and some people getting out of a car at a new shopping plaza.

When I reached the house I heard dogs barking, but from inside came a sound almost as Canadian as our national anthem — Saturday night hockey. From the ground I knew the Jenkins and not the Canadian were playing. I knocked. In a moment the door opened and the sounds of Leafs agony grew louder.

"Hi Jack, hi Fergie," came the greeting.

We passed in the doorway, a few seconds of silence in memory of the departed Maple Leafs, one of the major forms of winter Canadian conversation.

In regulation baseball seasons Ferguson Jenkins looked more like an NBA player than a pitcher. Though he had been on the league circuit for several months he was in excellent shape, weighing just a little over his playing weight of 205, which, on his 6-foot-6 frame, was only 10 pounds below the moderate Afro, his skin a smoky brown. To go with his hair,

hazel shoes he was a silver-gray, short-cut, no-eye glass, dressed and suited white and blue. Round his neck was a chain and St. Christopher medal, though Jenkins wasn't Catholic. But what struck my eye was a tattoo on his left upper arm, etched in blue and red. *David in God*.

Without that tattoo, Jenkins could have been any one of a thousand black sports stars on professional teams and college campuses all over North America — his spirit might have been football, as well as baseball, or basketball. I thought of Elridge Cleaver's response to that tattoo, or Rap Brown's, or Huey Newton's, or Bobby Seale's, or Angela Davis's. The Afro had become associated with the new black militancy. *TRUST IN GOD* was not among the militant mottoes.

I followed Jenkins into a small, painted living room, where, on a large TV screen, the Leafs were losing their Skate of Death.

"They don't have it," Jenkins said.

"Philadelphia? The Leafs should be beating them by five."

From his time I watched he saw the Leafs, on some deep level, as his own team, the Chicago Cubs, which, in spite of Jenkins' extraordinary pitching achievements, didn't win pennants, and rarely came close. Looking at him in his tiny home, with the fan running to keep the pipes from freezing, with a space heater in the tiny living room trying to convert Canadian snow and northwest wind, I tried to remember that this was Ferguson Jenkins who had, less than a month before, signed a contract for \$125,000 a year!

"Laron," Leo Durocher told me during spring training in Scottsdale, Arizona, several weeks later — in one of his few instances one could print in a family magazine — "whenever money this guy gets he answers I look for a guy who wants to push. When I was with the Dodgers, Sandy Kousser would visit himself, 'Nobody's going to beat me.' Don Drysdale did that. He'd go, 'Jenkins the never say, 'My leg is bad,' or 'My arm is bad.' The guy's ready to play, and ready to pitch. Jenkins is one of the best pitchers in baseball ever — I include them all. I remember when I was just breaking in, Connie Mack said, 'Show me a pitcher who won 30 games four years in a row' — ball, look at this guy's consistency. And look at the speed. Last year he was 11 more ball games for me than he has. That's a separator, that's a great."

In order to understand what it is to be a pitcher he was 30 or more games five years in a row as Jenkins has done, one would have to drink of a hockey player who scored 50 goals a season five years in a row. And one would have to add — to keep the analogy straight — that the first had to be assassi-



At home with his daughters Collette and Kelly.

ness of these past five seasons, would be a coach for baseball's Hall of Fame, the first Canadian in its history.

Spread out on a Chatham coffee table and a chair were five newspapers which recorded the details of Jenkins' remarkable career. Up till two years ago, when the end of cancer, Jenkins' mother looked after the newspapers, though she was blind. When Fergie was born, his mother's optic nerve was captured during labor. "They were all prone, his mother's family, the Jacksons," Jenkins' father, Bruce, called Fergie, told me later. "His mother was a neo-fascist. All the Jacksons moved over here. The original Jackson — my wife's grandfather — he was a runaway slave."

Fergie showed the portrait of his mother, a tall thin striking-looking woman. And the photo shows the bald top of her head in a number legend was burned, a tale of the underground railroad and how it actually worked to free blacks. A tale quite like the one the black family had come up with lately — which demonstrates the fact that it was largely blacks who freed blacks, that whites who had helped and their know-how to convince other slaves they use could be free.

Looking through the album and scrapbook I was tremendously impressed by the story of Canadian life I knew little or nothing about as in Winnipeg's St. John's High, out of 1,500 students, two were black. I knew nothing about the history of slavery in Canada. What Fergie's photo album showed was that black, little band of black people, the Chicago group and Detroit, where his wife, formerly Kathleen Williams, comes from. Her family background went back to Canada, too, but as

planned not by a Phil Spector (who, incidentally, does not have this among his accomplishments) playing for a first place club like Boston, but rather by someone playing for it — it should, if it happens — the Leafs. Equally remarkable, of course, is the fact that the incredibly young man is a Canadian raised among the greatest sportsmen in the American national game. Think how an American might feel if, say, Bobby Orr, one of the great players in Canada's national game, was a young man born in Boston.

Last season's winner of the Cy Young Award for the National League, Jenkins was in the Wildcat-Armory, spent up in a brand-new blue suit ordered in Montreal, with Brooks Robinson of Baltimore, Joe Torre, the National League's Most Valuable Player, and with each Hall of Famer in Roy Campanella, Yogi Berra, Donkey McDwain, among others. If he went to win no more ball games in his lifetime, Jenkins, on the

basis of these past five seasons, would be a coach for baseball's Hall of Fame, the first Canadian in its history. Spread out on a Chatham coffee table and a chair were five newspapers which recorded the details of Jenkins' remarkable career. Up till two years ago, when the end of cancer, Jenkins' mother looked after the newspapers, though she was blind. When Fergie was born, his mother's optic nerve was captured during labor. "They were all prone, his mother's family, the Jacksons," Jenkins' father, Bruce, called Fergie, told me later. "His mother was a neo-fascist. All the Jacksons moved over here. The original Jackson — my wife's grandfather — he was a runaway slave."

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# ACROSS THE NATION AND OUT OF THE TREES

Aesthetics of the new Canadian architecture

BY HARVEY COWAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHRLICH

**T**he trouble with most of us is we can't see the buildings for the trees. Our whole notion of beauty is trapped in the land — a jack pine standing in Algonquin Park, for example, or Tom Thomson's picture of one. A shield or BC forest, or an Emily Carr picture of one. To seek beauty we've always at least been getting away from buildings. The weekend near July 4 is an occasion for many and a test to do with enduring your weekend and yearning for escape from the country. But all for most of us — and we may as well face it — is an urban event. We simply can't afford to keep on idealizing the big land and thinking of buildings as machines to live in, work in and dream of slipping out of. But if we want to have anything like the old-time house, we can't. In that light, then, architectural aesthetics can hardly be considered at all any more. They can't be seen as expensive little bits to be tucked on top of a design, the wallpaper. For architects, the artists have the power to place you in just about any state of mind they wish (and see why we've abandoned so to greatly well-being you there). So their aesthetics, or the ones played on them, are going to have — are already having — an awesome effect on the quality of Canadian life.

Now one of the great things about the quality of Canadian life is its regional variety. One should never be where one does not belong. So by the way, and it's the same with buildings. They have to express the nature of where they are. And they're beginning to. Distinctive regional styles are emerging. The interior house at right, for instance, would be at home nowhere else but on the West Coast. The sense of place is inherent in the new aesthetics. It's an integral part of the solution the designers brought to the problem of how to build the house. And the way just such problems are being solved across the nation is the heart of a new light against. For the last long Canadian buildings, especially residential buildings, looked as if they were parachuted to their sites like some big-time political candidate. The new architecture is cutting loose from all that. Our buildings are becoming accurate reflections, not only of the way we live, but where we live. The examples we've chosen were not picked up in the individual best in the country, neither as typical of the best. A lot of fine buildings — Huxford, Simon Fraser University, Place Vancouver — had to be left out because they're so well known. Perhaps the most pleasing thing about the new Canadian architecture is that for every building shown we could have substituted many others just as good.



**T**he new Canadian architecture, while rarely has the aesthetic together is Arthur Erickson. Later, the same plan for Simon Fraser University came along — inspired, as by

Moore Selig's Hotel — most of our monumental buildings were the work of big guns brought in from America. But Erickson's mission showed us that Canadian talent could create the kind of progressive architecture we always thought we had to import. With the MacMillan Bloedel building (above), I think he was trying to make a discourse of great strength and regularity. And, of course, he's succeeded. His sense of siting and composition is unerring. The building is not only at home with Vancouver's mountains; it's one, it's a piece with it. The sort of fragile grace tower you would expect to find in Toronto would never exist here. The restrained texture of Erickson's design has a protective quality for the people who spend their day in the building. It's a way of sitting on mountain. Architects: Erickson, Mosley, Vancouver.

**T**he control of the West Coast timber house at right was to make it an extension of the environment — and vice versa. The designers have worked natural and man-made elements using common materials. They have made windows use of the sloping site by pulling the house in along the forest with the forest and give it a nice quality quality. Both the site and the building are responsive to each other. They're not each other, each other, each other. The sun there, is much greater than the park. The house is the Northwest residential at Green Cove (BC) about 10 miles northwest of Vancouver. Designers: Huxford, Erickson, Mosley, Vancouver.

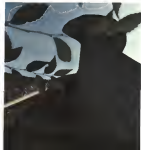


HARVEY COWAN IS A TORONTO ARCHITECT



**T**here is more than one way of rising with a religious environment. The first design a building to be at home in it, as on the previous pages, or you can expect one to combine for it. That's what's happening with the two churches pictured here. The architects have been helped along in their endeavor by the universal understanding that churches, even in Catholicism, are not supposed to be like other buildings; that a good part of their function is to evoke an emotional response (it's a good part of the function of secular buildings, too, but we're just getting around to understanding that). So the architects were given pretty free rein, and as you can see,

they've used every bit of it — beautifully. The Catholic church above, St. Mary's in East Dean, is built as an inspirational organic presence designed as a reaction to the flat prairie. But inside, at left, the mood changes; the interior environment gives way to a combination of mystery and calm, and the concrete ceiling brings a feeling of being... (continued) Architect: Douglas J. Cardinal, Edmonton.



**T**he church at left is a geometric, four-deck tower, but its exterior "skull" is exactly the same as the one in the large photograph above. It reads as a strong organic form sitting there, spine-like, on the flat landscape. The interior, however, is just the opposite: the

some sense of mystery is evoked, but instead of calm there's great excitement. The spiraling ceiling (shown) represents a kind of conduit reaching up. The church is Paroisse du Precieux Sang at St. Boniface, Manitoba. Architect: Denise J. Gosselin, St. Boniface.



**N**ew indoor swimming pools are usually just that — a little oasis of shutting out the environment. They're often big boxes sitting on big blocks of concrete and once inside you could be almost anywhere in the world for all you can tell by looking around. The atmosphere is almost bureaucratic. But Carleton's Swimming Pool in Edmonton (above) is altogether different. The thing inside is free, no strings attached, like swimming outdoors. Really just there enjoying yourself. This is brought about by the singular greenhouse form, the glass walls and the hung cables that make of cables that are allowed to droop naturally, giving you the impression of being in a tent. Given the need to make a large open space, it's a very intensive building. The structural possibilities of wood and glass have been explored fully. Architect: Peter Henningsway, Edmonton.



**T**he most of a big, institutional architecture. So perhaps the most important aesthetic requirement is to make it human scale. Buildings like The South Library (above) at York University have to begin by acknowledging that they're there to handle large-scale academic space and enclose large numbers of people. But that doesn't mean they have to make everybody feel about two feet tall. And the big building doesn't. The sloping cantilevered canopy connects the different levels and models the space to human scale. The interior features a skylight courtyard that relieves the claustrophobic feeling you sometimes get in enclosures of this size. It opens the building up. Architects: Shaw and Moffat, Toronto.

**A** light is another courtyard, but this time on a residential scale and it's perfectly suited to the way it was conceived. Toronto is a congested urban setting. It's pointless to think in terms of the traditional front porch/backyard. Better to bring both into the middle of the house and then gain more space and, just as important, more privacy. The architect, Richard Myer, who owns the house, has put in work here expressed urban life very well: common industrial materials — exposed ductwork and such services as piping — are used both functionally and decoratively. It's an honest, if a little, aesthetic that comes out of the very you make the thing. Nothing is hidden and, in that respect, it's a building produced by the century. The concept is industrial, like a factory, where it costs too much to cover the walls and hide the services inside them. But in the case of this house, at 10 Bertram Street, it wasn't cheaper because the services had to be of better material and much better organized. The painting on the wall is also part of the aesthetic. It's the head from a 1988 Porcupine. Architects: Diamond and Myers, Toronto.





**T**he University of Montreal's Saint-Residence at left has been done almost in isolation, and the similarity of work is all thanks to André Malo. From a distance the building looks as a wedge, but as you get closer the sculpture of the solid vertical shaft adds an unexpected French touch, which in most other parts of the country would be seen as simply a fad. In Quebec, grace à Dieu, such emotional considerations are an essential part of the architecture solution. And the sculpting makes for a lovely silhouette against the sky. Architects: Perreault, Givé-Lapierre, Lefebvre, Montreal.



**I**f the rest of Canada is somewhere between Conservatives II and III in terms of the new architecture, the Maritimes largely because of slow economic development have not reached Conservatives I. The two buildings shown — Dalhousie University Arts Centre in Halifax and below it Confederation Centre in Charlottetown — are both contemporary institutional concrete structures and fine examples of their type. But the architecture is unapologetic; they could just as well be in Tehran or Los Angeles. The designs are complex in a region where the people are straight-

forward and honest and their houses have no applied style. Though there are some projects in the works which show great promise of an indigenous architecture the Maritimes still have a long way to go. Architects: C. A. Powell & Associates/McNeil, Halifax (Dalhousie Arts Centre); Denis Gendron/Opus, Montreal (Confederation Centre).



I remember, I remember

## MISS JEAN MURDOCK IN HER PRIME

BY DAVID E. LEWIS

I was showing a friend around Bridgetown, Nova Scotia. He came from Montreal and thought that everything out of Truro, Nova Scotia was primitive country. We were standing on the town bridge, looking at the narrow muddy river swirling below as I had run out of local sights, which included the Regional High School, Joe Morin's blacksmith shop (which was more than 200 years old, and looked it, and had been a blacksmith shop for more than 60 years, and smelled it), the new parking meters on Main Street which some of the people were getting around to using (some they realized what they were for), and old man Howatt, who was 903 and walked five miles a day to keep fit.

The river, after all this, was a bit of an anticlimax, but my friend was pleasant and kind, and it was a beautiful spring day, cool and clear. We remained about our college days together. Suddenly my friend said, "Beet!"

"Beet?" I queried. "There aren't any bees around here."

"That humming noise. It's bees, I'm sure."  
I listened a moment, and then laughed. "Bees, hell. That's Miss Murdock!"

"You mean a human being is making that noise?"

I pointed to a large brick building in the distance. "That's the elementary school where I got my basic training. As you get nearer to it, the bee noise gets louder. The hive is grade four learning its lessons. And sitting behind the desk, where she has always sat, is Miss Murdock."

I listened again and made believe I was interpreting the sound. "It's either the coven of Anna, alphabetically of course, or the cities of Russia."

"You're joking," said my friend.  
"Mumukshu, Okhotsk, Onok, Tonsk, Vladivostok."  
"I chanted, in my best bee humming

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JEAN MURDOCK from page 37

"Okay," my friend yelled. "You've convinced me."

"You wrong, you know I spent a whole year in that same room."

"You mean you had her as a teacher?"

"I didn't have much choice. She was directly in the path between grade three and grade five."

My friend was taking a John Dewey course in education, and believed in developing "the whole child." They are little adults, he was fond of telling me. I always felt as though he were talking about a race of pygmies. My volatile impulses got out of hand. I decided he needed to meet Mrs. Murdock.

"You mean she's still teaching?"

"Well," I said nervously, "she never taught, simply she waited. But come on, I'll show you what I mean."

As we got to the front steps of the building the buzzing had resolved itself into a deaf thumping—"Boo! boo! boo!" in 12, four times four is 16." My friend laughed on the steps, but I pushed for him to follow me. Every once in a while there was a wild bandish scream. Mrs. Murdock was still in good voice. I decided. We stood in front of her door listening to the organized boating going on inside.

I knocked. Nothing batted, but the door opened, and Mrs. Murdock stood there looking annoyed at being interrupted.

"Well, well," she said, expressively, when she recognized me. I introduced my friend who held out his hand, friendly-like, which suddenly she opened the door wide and thrust her head back in the room and screamed, "Boys of Asia!" so loud that my friend just stood there petrified, his arm extended.

When she faced us again I explained that my friend would be teaching next year, too. Mrs. Murdock peered closer at him, harrumphed, and yelled over the din, "Show them what's boss, young fellow. Never let them get the upper hand. Show them the first day who runs the room!" I never did find out when my friend thought of all these helpful clichés. He suggested something, but it was lost in the cacophony coming from the classroom. Mrs. Murdock's eyes were keener than ours, and she suddenly thrust the classroom door open again and belched, "Haw! Hui! Hwang! Hui! Net! Weng! He!" With this rhythmic coo-compliment, I tried to describe to her where I had been the last few years. Her mind was obviously preoccupied with her class. My friend just stood there, a slightly glazed look in his eyes. There was a sudden silence. Asia had been exhausted of cream. Mrs. Murdock struck again. "Compliment the verb—to be," she yelled into the room. She looked at us gravely. "That should hold them for a while."

continued on page 40



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JEAN MURDOCK continued

I decided there was no point in delaying the educational process any longer. We bade her farewell, and took off down the hill. When we got outside my front locked back. "We have been, you have been—they have been" walked down the hallway after us. "I don't believe it," he muttered to himself.

"It has been, it is, it always will be," I chanted.

I kept thinking about Miss Murdoch all afternoon. I remember her better than any of my other early teachers. She always wore a heavy brown coat, boots and felt stockings, and her favorite position was leaning against a wall—facing outward, as though her ramp was in a permanent state of chill. It is a safe assumption that she wore a long flannel-ene nightgown in bed. She spoke a strange dialect which she generously welcomed as naive. I can remember once she yelled at a boy in the back of the class, "Shut your mouth or I'll come down there and give it to ya."

Many teachers are instrumental about their pupils, following their careers and keeping in touch with them. Miss Murdoch was not of this ilk. As soon as the bell graded our class she was through with them, and slowly harnessing her energy for the next "outlet."

"The done all I can, the Lord knows. You're on your own," was her usual parting speech.

I don't suppose I ever thought of Miss Murdoch as actually human. When she and I were spacing with each other through grade four, there was some of this nonsense about the teacher and pupil being friends. We were mortal enemies. She was Jibsonah, the Devil, the embodiment of all that was powerful. There was no personal rapport of any kind. She pulled questions on us and we yelled back the answers in a kind of perpetual civil warfare. She didn't show respect to Mr. Dewey, care a damn about "the whole child." She was only concerned with the effectiveness of its mastery.

Yet, I can still remember the glorious feeling of privilege that came over me when she let me carry home her workbooks, filled with our English scribbles. I was a giant side boy in grade four. I remember how quiet at grade four, in retrospect, shy, bespectacled, knickerbocked and dimly aware of being teacher's pet. Except that Miss Murdoch had no pet—only victims. In September she installed me in the front corner of the room and there I stayed. She used to lean against the radiator and rest her large book on the seat of my desk. I could never get away with anything lively so often there would be a "musing" when she didn't feel like teaching, and every one would stare out their desks and unexpectantly ready to move

to another seat and find out why their own neighbors would be. Miss Murdoch stood at the head of the class and barked out names, like an execution list. When it was over, I would always find myself back in the same old seat.

Years later I figured out why I was a good writer, and she wanted me handy to copy things on the blackboard out of her big faded scribbler. Her entire year's work was in that scribbler, and year after year it went on the blackboard verbatim, and from the blackboard it went into our scribblers, and from our scribbles it went into our memories. To us, Miss Murdoch's scribbler was the font of all knowledge.

Her technique of teaching was simple and pure and painful. We copied down so much each day, and then next day we repeated it back to her orally. Every once in a while we wrote it down on paper, and those were called exam papers.

One of my cherished memories of Miss Murdoch involves her version of "The Friendly Letter." I had to write it on the blackboard, as usual. As I started the first line, I turned to her thoughtfully.

"But Miss Murdoch, this letter is dated Monday, October 14th, and this is Wednesday, and it's December."

"Don't ask questions. Do as you're told."

I should have known better than to question anything that was in that brown scribbler. The letter was addressed to "Dear Momma," and it thanked Momma for her last letter, thanked her for the gift of a Barbara's quack, and described the weather. It was signed "Your friend, Bessie." I wrote it on the board word for word, comma for comma, and that is the way it was copied.

continued on page 46



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down by everyone in the class. In June, on our final questionnaire, question number one was "Write a friendly letter." Thirty-four hands wrote 34 letters addressed to "Dear Missie," and 24 children of both sexes signed the letters "Your friend, Beanie."

Miss Murdock's method of marking an exam paper was to draw right across the centre answer with a red pencil if it was wrong, without any indication where the trouble might lie. Alice Newport, who usually made 100 in every test, and always let everyone else know it, met a minor Waterloo one day. I can still hear the gasp she let out when she got her exam paper back and saw the diagonal red pencil streak across the incorrect question. She studied it, after a session of raffish tears, and then, in the custom of the class, wrote out the entire question again. When she took it up to Miss Murdock's desk for correction and it was marked right, she told Miss Murdock that the teacher had made any changes from the original, because she couldn't find what had been wrong. Miss Murdock grabbed the first paper out of her hand and glanced over it.

"There!" she yelled, and pointed at something.

"But... but..." and Alice Newport began to cry. Miss Murdock dismissed her with a wave of her hand and turned to other matters. Alice flinched back to

her seat. When Miss Murdock dismissed one, one stayed dismissed: even though one was the daughter of the local mayor. I was so certain that it was the first—and last—time that I ever walked Alice Newport home from school voluntarily. She sobbed more of the way and ignored me. I wouldn't stand it any longer.

"What was wrong with it, Alice?" I asked, trying to suppress the eagerness in my voice.

"She thought it was a period," she sobbed, "the stupid old thing!"

"What do you mean, a period?"

"She thought I had used punctuation. And I hadn't. It was right!"

"Well, what made her think that?"

Alice stared at me, with all the hairless indignance with which she was to go through life.

"It was a fly speck," she wailed, and burst into tears once more.

Alice was better prober than I was, and so it befell her to give enduring messages along the top of the blackboard. They stayed there for weeks, these miniature notes from Miss Murdock. Alice Newport made quite a profession out of it, using gaudiness and colored chalk (which she brought to school herself). Periodically she would look down from her perch with a smug smile at the rest of us scurrying with brushes in the classroom gut below. The Murdock-Newport team: I remember

best was a SOUL IN THE NAME OF A PERSON PLACE OR THING AS DONKEY. Every morning we screamed that 10 times in unison, saying the pronunciation, so that it sounded like—a pun is the name of a person comma place or thing colon as comma donkey period. Miss Murdock's pointer bounced along the blackboard like the lark when told of a ring-around-the-rosie and it had such a hypnotic effect on me that I reached grade nine still convinced that "donkey" was the only noun in the English language.

Some years later, I was in a Montreal nightclub of questionable repute, which a friend of mine, a girl named Miriam, had found out about from a taxi-driver. She had wanted to see a real dove and the taxi-driver had obliged. When the show started a girl came out on the stage and proceeded to go into one of those terrifying bits that depend on unhesitating outgassing people in the audience. The moment she came on stage, she looked familiar to me. I sat there, through the opening patter, in absorbed misunderstanding, but that I didn't notice her coming toward me with a small microphone around her neck (it was almost of the had-on) Suddenly there was a spotlight on me, and I was jerked onto the stage and asked a question that brought gales of laughter from the audience. I stood there stammered and incomprehending. I couldn't remember my own name, but in one of those sudden flashes of lightning I remembered her: Barbara Graham. She stood in it across the stage from me in grade four. I stood there silently, suddenly uncomfortable in appearance, until she beamed in my ear.

"Say something, you fool! Anything!"

"A pun is the name of a person comma place or thing colon as comma donkey period," I stammered.

She stared at me a moment, and then shrieked. "Oh my dear Miss Murdock!" and went into gales of laughter. The whole audience stared at us for several seconds before a few people laughed tentatively, as though they felt that they should, but had no idea why.

"I'll see you after the show. Stick around!" whispered Lela LaFleur (aka Barbara Graham) directly. Then she suggested once more in my ear, and took off across the floor in search of another victim. Her invitation had been transmitted around the entire room over her microphone, and I sat there under a tremendous onrush of whiskey, clapping and wolf whistles.

"Well, for heaven's sake," asked Miriam, "what was that all about?" I just smiled.

"Unless you have been to Miss Murdock's grade four class in Bridgetown, New Britain it wouldn't mean a thing," I answered. Smug as Alice Newport in her prime. ■

Photo: middle-class/urban photography; Photo: Alamy; Photo: iStockphoto.com



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K. C. IRVING runs page 27

control votes in these areas through money, debt or personal reputation. And the great luxury cruises of New Brunswick took advantage of it.

The pattern has been slowly disintegrated — the provincial election of 1967 launched the process again — but governments in New Brunswick are still highly sensitive to the concentration of money, influence and power in the province. Not necessarily subservient to it but aware of it, in a different way from the governments of a large province which has the ability to take on any one bloc of power in its jurisdiction and overrule it.

Irving, then, was always a political force, simply because he was Irving. This was not a one-way street for Irving needed things from and was given things by the governments. Much of New Brunswick's timberland belongs to New Brunswick, for example, and when Irving wanted to harvest it he had to negotiate with the province. But more important, the province has the power to impose, increase, decrease or remove taxes on business enterprises, and in what Irving liked it or not, he had to take Providence into account when he planned a new venture.

This, to a man who ran his own enterprises personally, must have been galling, and so much the less of money (although he has said that New Brunswickers are being "kissed to death") but the frustration involved in talking, and not understanding, Irving believed he knew what he was best for New Brunswick, what he did was best for New Brunswick; why should he have to put up with a lot of middlemen?

So, over the years, K. C. Irving went through a constant cycle with provincial governments. When a new one came in, he was polite, respectful, helpful, there was a period of mutual respect and confidence between him

between businessmen and businessmen, and then, usually slowly, occasionally suddenly, a process of disenchantment set in. The situation was usually the same: Irving wanted growth. They did not want what was best for K. C. Irving. They would not see what was best for New Brunswick.

Irving got along well enough for a long time with Premier John D. McMurtry, for example, a Liberal who was the premier from 1940 to 1952. Irving was deferential, subdued and gracious, and McMurtry was snarling and sometimes masochistic, but that was well within the tolerable limits of amicability. Eventually, however, Irving asked that a commercial bus service he was running from King St. Anthony, in Kent County, to Moncton was not doing as well as he thought it should, and it turned out that many people had feared car pools and were using those instead of Irving's buses. This, obviously, was an unwelcome interference with private enterprise, and unfair, and if it was not illegal, maybe it should be. The story is that Irving tried to persuade McMurtry to outlaw car pools, or have their operation licensed as public carriers. McMurtry wouldn't buy that, and suddenly Irving found that the quality of leadership in New Brunswick public life had deteriorated.

The alternative, of course, was Hugh John Planning, the Conservative leader. His views on the legality of car pools were unknown, but at least he was not McMurtry, and ultimately — incidentally with Irving's support — he was elected.

This particular honeymoon lasted longer than most. But, when in the late 1950s Planning and his government created a major European-Canadian sale and export combine to establish a plant on Saint John's Conventry Bay, the idyllic turned sour. Planning, clearly, was not the man

Irving thought. He could not see what was best for New Brunswick.

Planning's unlikely successor was Louis Robichaud. I say "unlikely" because the smart money didn't really believe that Robichaud could win, even with Irving behind him. Planning was impressive, a fine speaker with a fairly air about him. Robichaud was short, Liberal and French. He was "the Acadia fireball," and he was a long shot, as Acadia had ever been elected premier.

I worked on that campaign as Robichaud's public relations adviser, and it was a great one. When Robichaud won, we had the feeling that we had upset more than a government. We were beginning — and the electoral victory was a first step — to change the direction of the province. It had been done, however, with substantial help from Irving himself, about \$50,000 worth.

Within a few weeks, Irving came to Providence on his official courtesy call. He knew the top levels of government as well as he knew his own organization, and treated its members with the same watching politeness that at Robichaud's side of the telephone was "Mr. Premier." His adviser was "Mr. Minister." It was a technique, but one that grew out of the man, not an assumed courtesies. And his relations with Robichaud, true to the pattern, were initially very good indeed. When Irving's telephone needed work, Robichaud went to bat for him in Ottawa and won him two contracts.

But when Robichaud began to modify the tax and assessment system, the foundation of the distribution of power and money in the province, Irving proclaimed a holy war. The tax and finance system was as treacherous as the Matthews, and Robichaud had set up a Royal Commission, under a Liberal corporation lawyer, Edward G. Reine, to recommend changes. Byrnes did more than that: he recommended a total revolution for New Brunswick. He recommended a complete overhaul of an "unbalanced and ineffectual structure of government singularly opposed to the needs of the times."

After five years of study, Robichaud brought down legislation to correct these abuses. It was not moderate. New Brunswick was to become the first jurisdiction in North America to pay for education out of general revenue and not on the basis of the property tax. But more to the point, the provincial government proposed to assume all responsibility for negotiating with private industry itself, replacing all future tax agree-

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# ALEXANDER'S ROUTE

BY TED KOBOY

Great changes on the overland trail from Turkey to Afghanistan



Getting to the Orient overland from Europe, the way Alexander the Great did 23 centuries ago, seems fantastic in this age of easy-descent tourism. Modern jets make the going seem like a hop, skip and a jump. In this era, you might think not, in the overland journey worth all the effort I say, yes, if you go with a purpose.

It was as if the tourist trade as it appears. Many people of all ages who go from England to Australia or return, on business or pleasure, avoid the usual air or ship routes, making an adventure out of driving and seeing strange lands along the way. Going to the Orient by plane or ship without going through the lands between is like snatching through the side door, overland on the direct route you go there through the front door.

Alexander's route could only be approximated on this expedition of the spirit, though our purpose was parallel — his to merge two irreconcilable worlds, mine to demonstrate if Kipling was right: "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

True? If not, what lay in between? The mighty ancient empires of Babylon and Persia are little more than rubble and sand now, and the agricultural lands that suggested them have turned to desert. The customs, religion and political organizations have all changed. Samarkand, on southern Asia's Karakum, and Babylon, on Iraq, are lost, and where Alexander had to contend with hostile peoples I find vast distances and closed borders.

Few of the great tourist lines beguile the traveler on this 13-day, 1,000-mile overland trip. The main interest is in observing the changes in people, food, terrain, architecture and customs, the cultural and philosophical changes that brought the coming of another order. I've traveled overland from Toronto to Phoenix, from London to the mid-Sahara in Algeria and from Leningrad to Moscow, and no voyage compares to this one for the sheer drama of observing the almost geometric progression of the West into the East. I flew CP Air from Toronto to Amsterdam, picked up my car and drove

across Europe to Macedonia (now partly in Yugoslavia), Alexander's birthplace, the last stronghold psychologically and culturally of premodern western Europe.

Neighboring Bulgaria is Slavic and doubly Communist, so if to proceed her distance from the European family of nations. The situation is complicated as they check not only luggage but wanderers for political movements hidden somewhere between the springs and butters. Police lights flicker over your car as you drive at night. Bulgarians mark the beginning of the end of the West and the start of the East's beginning. The bumpy path leads the men west and the skyline punctuated with minarets are the first indications of something different, the first of many signs that forebode the East. The process is irreversible. As a way said, "There is no such thing as being a little paganist" and on this journey, halfway across the world, the paganist shape of the East becomes ever more conspicuous.

Alexander set foot on Asia at Issa-

bed, where the European continent ends. The Turkmen say they're tired of the western mood, though the complex process of disengagement is painful. In Istanbul women are seen wearing skirts, walking alone or escorted by men, and revealing their faces to the world for the first time. After a few hours' drive east the European terrain turns to desert and women hide their faces, using shawls as improvised veils, as if ashamed to cover their faces as a matter of covered philosophy.

The mood of central Turkey and even eastern Persia, in both of which I would have, seemed far removed from Europe, one by the barrier of space, the other by time. The architectural and material facts are all etched in familiar lines, but the why women dress alike on Oriental characteristics for the first time. The western cultural pattern has been broken and another has begun, and, like a gentleman's proposition, it's a long way (half) to the Indian subcontinent. It takes a few hundred miles to break cultural patterns and a few hundred miles for new ones to assert themselves. The equality of the sexes ends and the ceremonial status of women begins. Bare to go near the women or take pictures of them and you will be stoned or shamed. Hostility begins to replace friendliness and suspicion, familiarity. However, even in the eastern part of the country, there is a faint identification with the western world, as though it wouldn't hurt to break loose from Europe's embrace. The cultural and spiritual matrix of Turkey and western Iran, at any rate, is European.

Before it or at the modern tourist swimming outside Europe has less accessibility in getting around than he did before or just after World War II. Since the world is no longer controlled by half a dozen imperial powers, who allow you to enter colonies as freely as the homeland, you have to make decisions. Syria and Iraq have a bad and cold (usually only relaxing with the West) and this makes complete identity to Alexander's realm impossible.

I continued to Iran on the Black Sea corridor road. Tehran, the capital, formerly New York City, but without an echo of its chaos, didn't exist until a few centuries ago and presents up the unbridgeable difference between the age of antiquity and the 20th century. Iran suffers from having neither the situation of Europe nor the comfort of the Orient and, save for its religious significance, has to be the darkest piece of real estate in the world. Iran has three native European minorities: the Oriental minority, and my unvarnished opinion is that they're no better than I could only attribute the feelings of an eastern people to the fact that they

being neither at the Occident nor to the Orient and are therefore nourished from neither source. Some days I was accosted by more beggars trying to capitalize on their deformities than on two months spent in India.

Iran's east is more Oriental than her west, and Europe's territorial and emotional pull exerts a few hundred miles east of Tehran — another break in the cultural pattern. Not coincidentally the increasingly hostile nature, the stark pronounced showing that behind a veil of the chain became familiar, intensified at about the time I saw the last western-style building, a few hundred miles from Afghanistan. The European cultural pattern is lost completely to Iran, hostility prevails and the western visitor wisely leaves his car motor running anytime he steps out of the vehicle.

"What next?" I wondered as I drove past the border to Afghanistan through five miles of so-called-free fire, in the unrelieved sun and as well have been the Pacific Ocean. Afghanistan shares little in common with her neighbors, she is a maverick among nations. She belongs neither to the Orient nor to the Occident, since Afghanistan ends where the Khyber Pass begins, a pass that's the door to the Orient.

In many ways Afghanistan hasn't changed since Alexander passed through the desert and still thinking of it as an average as far as the wildest men in Asia and hence a cultural desert. Their world view is so far removed from that prevailing in regard to the East or the West that they regard you as though you were a Martian orbiting in on a space vehicle. Their psychological quarantine matches the desert wilderness. On the other hand, visitors of the country know no law, which is the best of them in the Khyber Pass. Eyes feel as you look for a word's philosophy.

Afghanistan is different in other ways. Here marijuana is perfectly legal. The 800-mile desert that constitutes this country is a true void — the West is completely absent, the real Orient hasn't begun — and this lack of affiliation to any other system but its own has its psychological counterpart in the extensive use of marijuana and the blotting out of everyday experience. This remote, Mac and cheese, buffet policeman and tourist, all get stoned as a matter of course. In one pot session I watched police join as participants any number of moonways from the United States and Europe.

The 2,500-mile-long desert that begins in Turkey and ends in eastern Afghanistan guarantees that the two inconceivable systems, East and West, never collide. At the other side of the 33-mile-long Khyber Pass, Alexander's route to India, the East begins. Only in

India did the ancient and modern orient coincide. The Hindu way of life that struck Alexander as truly amazing and exotic to fascinate the visitor. He went on as far as the Indus River and turned back. I continued on, and the best was ahead. ■

#### How to go, where to stay

I flew CP Air from Toronto to Amsterdam (regular fare \$1819, 5-6-21 1-day excursion \$442, 20-24-45 days \$213) and picked up my car there. Used cars can be bought cheaply in Amsterdam — say \$200 for a '89 Volkswagen — and sold at the end of the trip in Madrid. I drove across Europe to Yugoslavia through neighboring Bulgaria, and then followed Alexander's route as best I could from Istanbul to the Orient. To make the drive unattended, car owners will need a current passport and an international driver's license. Both can be obtained through any provincial auto association, but it's important to know beforehand that the car's despoiled because involved having a deposit of 140% of the value of the car with your bank. You'll also need border insurance and visas for Iran and Afghanistan; you can get them through the embassies in Ottawa or Washington.

Here are some recommended hotels along the route. Turkey: Istanbul Hilton (\$15-\$25 single, \$20-\$25 double) and the more moderately priced Kennedy and Opera three. In Ankara, the Grand Hotel (140-200) and the more moderately priced Kent and Sulei (\$1-\$10 single, \$10-\$15 double). Iran: Tehran Hilton and the International Hotel (\$13-\$20 single, \$15-\$25 double) and the Hotel Iran (100-150 single, 120-\$15 single, \$12-\$15 double). Afghanistan: Kabul the International (\$15-\$18 single, \$18-\$22 double) and the Spinner and the Kabul (\$17-\$19 single, \$14 double).

Mediterranean tips: In Turkey camping facilities called MOCAMPs are found all over the country. In Iran only major towns sometimes 100 miles apart have hotels of minimum standards. From Europe to India the road is a succession of travel centers (as opposed to road) for a 130-mile stretch in western Iran and short distances in Yugoslavia. Service stations are frequent except for the isolated desert regions of Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan where they can be as far as 75 miles apart. Be sure you have both chairs and an airplane chute before you leave Canada. Take the top in mid September; you get the summer weather at the top.

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entertainment. I discovered that her mother's family traced back to Jewish Hanes, who, as residents of Harriet Beecher Stowe probably know, was the model for Uncle Tom in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Kathie Williams Jackson and Fergie were proud of this part, proud of that association. From their point of view, and from the point of view of those who tried to escape slavery, or somewhere, in the shadowy years prior to reality of the American north or the West Indies, tried to stay alive, the Uncle Tom way was a viable choice. Faced with an alternative

of life/death, they chose, simply and eventually, fewer Uncle Toms than slave dead. So, too, as I tested the photo album and the scrapbooks, I began to understand what it must have been like, even as recently as 10 years or so ago, for a young black ballplayer who, reviewing his life as Chivine, isn't small in single incident of "cagey" talk, who remembers close school friends white, black and Japanese, for a young man like this to enter desegregated cities and small towns of the South, even after the 1954 Supreme Court school decision which struck down segregation, and encounter,

for the first time, the waitress who wouldn't serve him, the hotel clerk and motel clerk with "vacancy" signs out but "full till up" for him and his black teammates. Here, too, the whole ballplayer, for the most part, particularly those from the South, though not white-black necessarily, accepted the challenge and rode out as a bit of life. Few would leave a restaurant simply because the waitress refused service to a black. And instantly, with the same reason for staying alive chosen by his great grandfather Jackson, Pergie Jackson learned not to talk with the armed police or state troopers, not to confront white bullies, not to tempt some red-neck countermeasures to commemorate his family's pig mentality, or provide a big "black back" target for white southerners dedicated to "whuppin' the son of a nigger" to make sure he "believes," or "keeps his place."

TV and film heroes, in their new-found equality path, have a ready-made check tale full of liberalism, respectability, heroism, and, of course, violence. If the black is teased by nigger talk, he takes on his teammates and clearly whips 'em, those, four bullies in reality, as anyone who knows anything about the South is well aware. A black man getting into a fight with a white — no matter if right is on the black man's side — has challenged the essential code of that south, and must be put down. The young black ballplayer — good looking, big, strong — is a tempting target for five or six red-necks to protect innocent heroes on. Nobody who couldn't recognize that situation for what it was would have to be totally unaware, totally stupid, or totally stupid.

On the other hand, of course, someone had to confront that brutal system, and the ones who eventually began that labor of Sisyphus were the blacks living on the oppressed communities, not slaves, but Ferguson freemen who hoped they were merely passing through. From the photo album and the scrapbooks it was clear that Fergie, his mother and his father, who had played some pro and semi-pro ball himself, knew, when Fergie was quite young, that he had the stuff to go very far in baseball, perhaps all the way, up to the majors. His mother's attitude had something mystical in it, everyone recalls, assumed, doubtless, by her husband and perhaps even more by the fact that her husband associated with the name of Pergie Jackson's birth.

In the same album was a photograph of his mother's grandmother, who lived to be 100, her skin darkly chocolate, sunken bluish white, he remembers, and who, frightening him even more, used to feel her own arms, and then his, and tell him she could feel life in his skin and great strength to come. Almost everyone and everything in Pergie's

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Jerome's. Chatham life has something religious and slightly mystical in it. He and his family were and still are great believers in the power of prayer. In Chatham, the small black community of fewer than 400 families (out of the 35,000 people in Chatham) has as its focus a number of Baptist and Methodist churches. Jerome has had something to do with almost all of these — and with the lovely white Anglican church, too — as choirmaster, member of an adult choir or teacher of Sunday school. He sells some controversial cartoons during the baseball season. In most cities he has a

favorite church he goes to Sundays. The men — or some of them if the players — frequently has its own devotional service on a Sunday morning, led by whites or blacks, though usually by pastor Randy Hunsley or relief pitcher Phil Fergie, both of whom happen to be white.

"With my mother," Fergie said, "it was religious, but something else. My dad says I got my nose from her, and my passion pitching. She hated to be late to anything. She always wanted to be first — no matter where we were. Sometimes we'd sit on church bells on lower be-

low anyone else showed up. I don't know what it was about her. Something. Like even now, if I think about her, it gives me strength. I used to call her all the time before a game — and after."

On the large black-and-white TV screen, the colorful pictures. Leno was missing checks and taking Philadelphia strikes with crisp clean poses. Frank Matkovich was moving from the lineup, and Jim Pappas, Mike Walton, and another man who had faded-out on Toronto. "We couldn't look. I suggested we visit Fergie's grandmother — his mother's mother — and not wait for a new Toronto 'Kid Line' to materialize this night."

His grandmother lived close to railroad tracks, two Parks. Fergie got out of the car's wagon, turned his right nose, and floated a high view shadow ball pitch into night darkness. When he was a kid, he told me, he used to throw rocks into the open doors of passing Chateaus and Olds thought cars, or run at the one close in Terry's clubhouse across the street. At five, he recalls, he could hit the clats from about 60 feet away.

Fergie's grandmother's house was tiny, his grandmother first, weaned — her husband was ill in London with cancer. Behind a small banner in an inner room her very small old dog was wheezing pitifully. On the wall was a picture of Fergie, the official photo sent out by the Cubs, his grandmother had adorned it with five red stars she'd picked off whiskey bottles — one for each of his 26-game winning seasons.

"I got another want, Fergie," she said.

Beside her rocker was a tiny television set, behind her, in the small living room, a much larger set she sometimes saw Fergie pitch on — when the Cubs made the Queen of the Week. She'd seen him pitch on TV in the All-Star game, but never in the flesh space he had reached the majors.

"His mother was my oldest — she loved going to a game when Fergie was pitching — even though she was blind. Fergie's a good boy. When he was little he used to hide from DeMora, like night under his nose. I'd never give him away."

Everything about her, and her house, told of a relatively hard life. She remembered her runaway-clave grandfather Jackson, who, in Chatham, could work as a farmer in that same Devon-Chatham area. Fergie was looking at a 40-acre farm he wanted to have. His investments in the area were, at the moment, several Realpages. He was disappointed, he once handled by the Irving Trust, investment bankers. Fergie listened keenly at his grandmother told the tale of blacks helping blacks in North and South America. Fergie said

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LES ANGLAIS than page 12  
 ter of bilingualism, for example. The way things are going it may very well happen that soon no one will be able to get a job without being able to speak French. For them it's too late to learn another language. In any case, it's not true. After all, when he was in school nobody was expected to actually speak French. Enough to pass your high school leaving examination. More than that just wasn't necessary. And wasn't he always told that the French language spoken in Quebec was not worth learning — a bastard tongue that would not be understood anywhere else? How is it that all this has changed?

No, the lot of the "Anglais" in Quebec is not an enviable one. Yet once at the beginning, it seemed as if they had it made.

The English community in Quebec dates back to the 16th century, immediately following the French conquest in 1535. Its first members appear to have been somewhat less numerous than their present descendants like to claim. In the words of the British governor at the time, General James Murray, they were "the most numerous collection of men I ever knew... all have their fortunes to make and I fear few are so industrious about the means where the road can be obtained."

The original group, reinforced by Irish and Scottish immigrants, soon established in Quebec a prosperous society of artisans and traders. Self-ignorance was the English community at the time, that it not only dominated the province and the people it had conquered, but it dominated actually to outnumber them. Between 1780 and 1831 the English-speaking population went from zero to 215,000 people and formed 54% of the population in Montreal. Most of the great English fortunes were established at this time, by methods that even moderate historians have described as ruthless. All this changed that the two communities began with equal opportunities are equally historically unfounded. With the flash of victory to re-emerge them, the English Irish and Scottish settlers prospered while the native population languished under the physical and psychological weight of foreign conquest and domination.

Ottawa's Federal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism demonstrated that English Canadians of British descent continue to occupy the most favored economic position in the province. Of the 14 ethnic groups in Quebec, French Canadians rank eighth in wage earners, higher only than Italians and Indians. In Montreal, French Canadians are half as much as English Canadians. In the province as a whole, English Canadians earn 48% more than the Quebec average of all ethnic groups and they

rank as the highest income group in all of Canada. Quebec is also the one province in the country where bilingualism does not pay off in higher wages. In the rest of Canada the average person of British origin who speaks both English and French will have earnings higher than the unilingual person. In Quebec, however, it is the unilingual person — speaking only English — who earns the highest wages.

Today, the English population in Quebec according to 1961 figures (the latest available in this regard) is less than a million, or only 13% of the total population. The English element is concentrated in Montreal: three out of four English-speaking Quebecers live in Montreal's metropolitan area and they account for one quarter of the city's total population. In some municipalities on the island of Montreal they greatly outnumber the French. The rest tend to settle in other urban areas — Hull, Quebec City, and Sherbrooke. Rural areas such as the Eastern Townships are steadily losing their English population to the cities.

Although divided internally into various ethnic blocs, the English of Montreal were (and remain) united by their total avoidance of the native French population relegated to its ghetto in the East End. Some contact occurred at the top of the social pyramid and at the bottom, when newly arrived immigrants were forced to share the French Canadians' slums, until they could escape from them. In the middle, the great mass of the people lived as if the "others" did not exist. They did not visit as neighbors, as shopkeepers, as teachers, as club members, or even as co-workers. The English almost never bothered to learn French, the bilingual segment of the population consisted mostly of French Canadians who learned English to survive economically. Newcomers to Quebec learned quickly enough that the French language was a mere pragmatic embellishment. Of necessity, one learned the language of the majority.

While this situation was taken for granted by English Canadians, French Canadians, like René Lévesque, remember it with bitterness. "Of all the English friends I had as a child, there was not one who knew how to say more than 'you're' or 'you' in French. They lived in a mass of French Canadians, but never saw the utility of, or the necessity for, learning the language! When I say that there are now Rhineland settlers in our Anglo-Quebecois, there is some truth in it. There is a sort of contempt — not even expressed but just sort of purely natural — for the natives who survived them and who are merely the majority in Quebec."

This state of affairs ended with the  
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# Johnnie Walker

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## LES ANGLAIS continued

death of Maurice Duplessis and the beginning of the Quiet Revolution in 1960, the Quiet Revolution was the first time a clever political juggle took of during the 1962 provincial election, came to be taken literally by a great number of the French population. The supremacy of the English community was shattered. The words of change could already be felt in 1955, when André Laurendeau wrote in *Le Devoir* "Quebec's Anglophiles believe like the British in one of their African colonies." Where French Canada had been content to survive, it now wanted equality. The style of the English community in Quebec was over.

The people I interviewed for this article are all non-French Canadians, but this does not necessarily mean that they are themselves an extension of the English community. An individual, not one of these people fits neatly the stereotypical view of *Les Anglais*. Yet the comments pertinent that I was left with were the others were not over and over for the common image that French Canadians have of a typical member of the English community.

At times in the interview, during certain moments of capacity that inevitably attract biases on the part of the interviewee, a recognition of bias within the interviewee I felt a surprising wave of sympathy and understanding even when the ideas expressed were totally offensive to me. Most of the time, however, as I listened to them speak, their remarks made me wonder: Prejudice, stereotype and misinformation molded their picture of the French in Quebec. The system of economic and social injustice against the French Canadian and the inferiority of French to understand a speech, is unable to understand the problems here. My speech list on deaf ears. I do not believe, however, to speak to people who are interested and open-minded.

"In any case, independence is not being stopped by the English. It does not depend on them to get it. When two thirds of the French population decide to do it, it will be done."

I realized that most French-speaking Quebecers I knew would find in these remarks a confirmation of their worst suspicions about the English.

Paul Ustenberg is the secretary in this group. He is a plus he ought to have become a successful member of the English-speaking community. Yet he has crossed over to the other side to become an ardent supporter of Quebec independence. Born in Germany, he was brought to Montreal at the age of nine. He grew up in an English neighborhood and attended English schools until he went to the University of Montreal for law degree. Today he is a member of the executive of the Parti Québécois, and he was one of their candidates in the last provincial election.

He is surprised that I have decided to include him in this piece. "Yes, my first

language in Canada was English, and I know many English friends and friends, but I don't think of myself as an Englishman. I would like to be French, but I don't know if I would like to be that way."

When I arrived at his office, a meeting of a branch of the PQ executives was just breaking up. It is late in the evening. Everyone looks tired. But Ustenberg seems as fresh as a daisy. He says he was just beginning the day. We speak in French. For neither of us is our native language. I mention this to Ustenberg with a certain sense of awe which he seems reluctant to share. Yet we do not avoid the question of belonging. I sense that Ustenberg has answered it for himself in a way that leaves no room for doubt.

"Quebec is inhabited by two kinds of people: Quebecers and non-Quebecers. A Quebecer is easily recognized. He is a person who is at least speaking French and who feels at home in Quebec. This is not an ideological matter, it's a gut reaction. You have it or you don't."

"When I am in contact with English groups, I often tell them that 95% of the interesting cultural events in Montreal, be they in theatre, literature, poetry, gastronomy, etc., are in French. I like them, like place in French. If one cannot speak in French, it becomes a village to deal with. I would prefer to be in place Montreal, Ontario, or Oklahoma, Wisconsin."

Later, however, he agrees his English-speaking colleagues. "I'm tired of working my butt. There's nothing for me to do in the English community. I will not play that Dos Québec. Look, a person who lives in Quebec and who doesn't speak French is a person who is a minority of French to understand a speech, is unable to understand the problems here. My speech list on deaf ears. I do not believe, however, to speak to people who are interested and open-minded."

"In any case, independence is not being stopped by the English. It does not depend on them to get it. When two thirds of the French population decide to do it, it will be done."

I. Mackay-Smith, "Ky" to his friends, describes himself as someone who "wouldn't be more of a Wasp." He lives in Westmount, "between Westmount Avenue and Westmount Boulevard." His family has lived there for three generations. He was educated in English schools and since then he has worked in the family laundry business. Recently the firm was sold to an American company and he is now in general management. Our conversation takes place at the plant in downtown Montreal. To reach his office, I'm led through a long room of Quebecan secretarial workers who briefly look up as we pass. Inside his private

continued on page 12

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LES ANGLAIS continued

never my question whether there is an easy answer to his words. He stresses the fact that as an English Canadian he has never felt any discrimination within the French community, nor does he feel that there are any limits on his possible advancement. "I was lucky to grow up as I did. I grew up in three Canada which was much more integrated than Montreal. My parents were Irish, working-class people, and I think that helps as well. If I were an Anglaiser from Westmont I might be an other story."

Unlike most English Canadians, he considers it essential that all children in Quebec be educated in French. Since he himself has benefited from this kind of upbringing, he does not see it as a threat to his native culture. "I can appreciate the fears of the English community, but if I had my way I would make sure that children growing up in Quebec would not only be perfectly bilingual, but they would know who Jean-François and Gilles Vigneault are. They would know what the hell the province is about. I believe that the education to learn French is essentially induced by emotional fear."

Despite Melchers's enlightened position on the language issue, he is against assimilation, though his rejection is less hysterical than many of his compatriots. "I feel that it will be a great disservice to French Canadians, more so than to the English. I feel it's most important for the French culture to survive, but I don't accept the claims of the unforgiveness. Some of those fellows practice excessive machismo. I mean the tendency to overstate negative

things rather than positive ones."

Seriously, he is not in any way sympathetic to the Quebec independence movement. As he speaks of local politics, I am reminded of the articles I have read recently about his activities within the Quebec Conservative Party. There's no doubt about it, he would indeed enhance any provincial cabinet as the mandatory Anglaiser (or, for that matter, any federal cabinet as the mandatory English Quebecer). "I believe we should use every democratic means to defeat the PQ. I'm not opposed to such that scares me, but the philosophical trend that goes with it. No, not assimilation per se, but the kind of thing expressed in some of the recent union proclamations. I don't want to see that come into practice. I don't know what will happen. I fear the kind of polarization we seem to be heading for. If all federalists get behind one party and elect it, the PQ will become the official opposition. And opposition parties have a way of eventually becoming elected to power. The future is blow hot and cold on that issue. There are times when everything looks rosy and at other times I fear deeply for this country."

For Brian Melchers, and for other liberal English Quebecers, the Quebec problem resolves itself essentially through language. Unfortunately, their good intentions may come too late and be misleading to themselves as well as the rest of Canada. It is becoming increasingly obvious that the roots of English-French division go far beyond the

continues on page 76

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### LES ANGLAIS continued

language problem. It is a very difficult at present to find any area of relevance between the two groups that is not treated in some way by their divergent interests.

As a case in point, a brochure in the Montreal Gazette last winter read: **RUM AMONG JOULIE SURFACES** — **FRANCO-PROTECTOR STORMED OUT ANGLAISMENTS STAYED**. The people involved in the incident belonged to a social dance group from Point St. Charles, a neglected Montreal neighborhood. They had come to Ottawa to see the then Manpower Minister, Otto Lang. The departure of the French group from the meeting was explained by one of its members as follows: "It's typical for the Anglophone group to cooperate with the establishment and to pose no danger what. The language question is only a symptom of the problem. The distance lies in the conflict of the two cultures even when both focus work for the same goal."

René Lévesque has explained that a similar realization led to his political conversion. The situation in his case was the strike of the French network of the CBC in 1958-59, in which Lévesque was involved. The English problem decided at the time not to support these French colleagues. "What marked me especially was the unbelievable hostility by certain English editors.... It was as though all of a sudden — and I realized this much later — I had a dinner home to me that they don't give a damn about as and in addition they brought me instead of helping us when it is time to help. Solidarity works only when we are together — that was the essential lesson."

The notion of solidarity in Quebec is very distant at present. The "partnership of equals" is on the verge of bankruptcy. The French in Quebec have, in a sense, always known this. But the English community now that is beginning to face up to its responsibilities. The problem is painful, damaging, and there is much resistance to it.

In the end, the least one can hope for is that the segregation and antagonism between the two communities will come out in the open. For the English, this will mean giving up the idea that all the French, except for a handful of separatists, are content with their status within Confederation. It will mean making no effort to keep judging what is good or bad for the French, and in trying instead to understand that the human need for self-determination will not be stopped by shaky pretensions of economic doom. It will mean realizing that residential, educational, and class prejudices can't contain separatism. It will mean realizing French neighbors on their own ground. It will mean Les Anglais will have to stop living in the false calm of people term-brothering in the face of a volcano.

There is really no other way. ■

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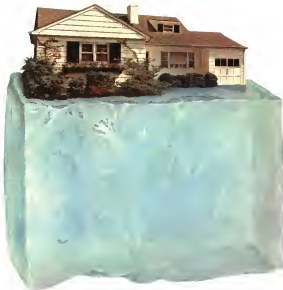
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### COHEN ON PAGE 6

We thought for a moment  
"No, not really."

The door opened and we all sat down at the open doorway on the rug and talked until dawn. Leonard explained that tonight was "like an Italian wedding. You kind of have the bride and maybe you've met the groom once or twice, but you've never met anyone else that's there. And everyone gets too drunk and cuts too much. The morning after you don't remember much about the wedding. As far as I am concerned it's my last year. But the wife is Irish and I may fall back and it might take 10 more years to finally quit, or this might be it."

Freddie and I were being tender and sensitive with Leonard, it was natural for both of us, and I'll never forget where he ranted to us and said "Listen, I like you boys, but don't think that because we're sitting here having a talk like this that we're close friends. When the ancient Japanese would meet they'd bow to each other for as much as half an hour speaking words of greeting, gradually moving closer together, understanding the security of sharing another's consciousness carefully."

He held his hands up, palms outward, and he pushed his hands toward us gently. He wanted us to be more aware of the distance between us.

Days later when the tour was over and Leonard gone, I realized the significance of what he was saying. Friendships have been deeper for me since I wanted to see him again.

It was 10 before noon and Toronto was white when I left. The Duke jet is now dropping through pink cumulus clouds over Nashville and I can see the opening pines and birches of the Tennessee smokylands below. It is early March.

Billy and Kim, Leonard's kind guitarists, are waiting and it's good to see them again. We haven't seen each other since the Canadian tour. We all happily pile into a rented Capri and drive past the nearby yachting stadium where we are surrounded by maneuvered arms that could only be kept up with "the right help," each properly enclosed by smaller arms with built in the early days by black gloves. I stay up close through the seasons of time, when the blades rise. The streets haven't been paved yet.

Studio A of Columbia Studios is a high room with sophisticated sound baffles, mikes, synthesizers, amplifiers and all the hardware that's been good enough to survive the sounds of Bob Dylan, Simon and Garfunkel, Patsy Cline, Mike Murphy, the last I know, beside Leonard's rehearsing with his band: Peter, from San Francisco, an acoustic and electric bass, David, from California, an acoustic guitar, and two lucky immigrants, Les from Toronto and Stephanie from England. Leonard knew to me and says

cassidy. "Hi, man." Ron takes his place on a stool with the rest of the group, puts his electric. Crotch between his thighs and off they go into *Joan D'Arcy*. The rehearsal would go badly this afternoon, the session of the girls were beautiful but they just didn't mesh with Leonard's. Eventually the girls would be told that it just wasn't working, that the chemistry hadn't happened, that they'd have to go home. They would be disappointed but relieved that the session was over. Now you could see that Leonard and Bob Johnson, his second producer and organ player, were tired and frustrated. On his

way out Leonard said he'd see me later at the YMCA where he goes for a workout every day. Twice a day if his body is feeling stiff and tense.

Recently released after a workout at the Y, Leonard and I go over to his home for food and we settle down for our first talk. Leonard needs drawing out, he seems to be holding back, and finally he tells me about the Japanese monastery where he has just spent five weeks. The monastery was quite beautiful, high as the California mountains above the tree line, cold and exquisite. (Continued on page 76)



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want to keep it in circulation. He's careful and controlled and it's what we call art."

"Why have you put it out?" I asked. "It's my work, that's all. And part of the nature of my work is to reach out to people. I mean I'm not very interested in playing to empty halls. My work is to make songs and poems and I use whatever material I have at hand. I don't have the luxury of a vast range of material. I'm not really happy with the subject matter. I'd like to broaden my subject matter but as it might now I only work with what is given."

He stood up and went over to the desk, picked up his brown leather portfolio and held it behind his back. It was containing carefully hand-written poems, put them down on his bed and started looking through them. I remembered another time in Montreal where he had read some poems to me and had said that for years he had developed his craft so that he could be not interested in writing for beauty but only for truth.

"It's interesting," he went on, "in that book's reception. I'm surprised at how I will be received almost even though any other book, because I have the feeling that by making it public I may be making a mistake. I hope that I will find that this guessing feeling is wrong or that I have missed it."

"Don't you think your work might bring people to a greater awareness?"

He thought about it for a moment, and looking at me spoke with sincere warmth. "Perhaps, but I don't think as I mean that an important thing I can say to you really is that you don't learn by talking. Those who know don't talk and those who talk don't know. There's some truth in that you know. You don't find any of the poets speaking and aren't writing, aren't repeating. You just don't learn that way."

At that moment I went to turn off the tape machine and noticed that it had stopped, new batteries and all. We laughed about it and Leonard asked into his back saying, "It's very significant that probably the most important thing that we have said between us tonight was not recorded."

About two days Suzanne phoned from Miami. Although Leonard says love is for the birds but that was in up when Suzanne was on the other end of the phone. He said, "Hello, Little One" with such intimacy that I felt drawn directly out of the room onto the balcony.

"It's all coming down to the wire now. Home to rest. It's Tuesday night and this is the first rehearsal with Jerry and Donna, the two new singers, who've just got in from L.A. The rehearsal is as important as you can touch. The tour begins in two days. The lights are low

and the garbage can is stuffed with us, wine and champagne. These girls love to work."

Jerry is tall with straight blond hair down to her shoulders. She stands looking at her body straight but easy, a feeling of calm to her. She came from playing the lead in *Blair* in Los Angeles. Donna is a bit shorter, with a flatter nose and very long, light blond hair falling in natural curls over her shoulders. They're calm then Jerry, more in a sense of reassurance.

The singing is going well. The first song, if it's going to come together, it's got to be now. Leonard is looking truly excited. "Now, brown speakers, I've got black slacks, old favorite grey sweater hanging loosely from his shoulders. He's looking to the girls and smiling as he sings. Standing at the mike, shoulders in their slight hunch, but together, tapping, singing slowly from side to side. "Oh you are really such a



Leonard and I would take turns at his. To you, this is the warm sun.

pretty little one / I've just been and changed your name again. Peter, on electronic, is tapping away smiling. David looks happy, too. As if I've changed this whole masterpiece. / To work my control in time. The music takes off. Blue starts smiling. Bob too. "Oh no long Mariano. It's love that we began. / To laugh / I cry / I cry / I cry / I laugh / I laugh it all again."

The new girl responds beautifully and they sing the last refrain again. The song finished, Leonard turns to the girls, he's smiling, delighted. "Fabulous. Fabulous. . . just fabulous." He can't get over how well the song went. He's shaking the girls' heads saying, "Congratulations. He's just like a kid, he's so happy. People break in to get some drink, but Leonard is so excited. Come on, let's keep going. Hey seriously that was fabulous. I'm so excited I've lost the capo from my guitar. He is strumming around through the water booms and chairs looking on the floor and table and chairs for his capo. "Hey, anyone seen my capo?" The girls are giggling

they're so happy it's come together. Leonard is still strumming around. "Those sounds were so beautiful. I couldn't stop, like music in my ears. I'm so happy there are voices out there, the voices, same." He's standing still now, overcome.

They get back together, Leonard saying, "Let's do Two Green Candle. . . oh, no, let's do Four Of A Kind. They begin and suddenly it is old-time Leonard steps. "I'm sorry we might be a bit cool this night now, I can't sing. It's too beautiful." They look at each other. The reason I need goes to sing with me is that my voice is depressed. . . . "No," but Leonard goes on. "No, seriously, that's the truth. I need your voices to sweeten mine. No really, that's the truth. So please try to sing something simple in harmony with my voice. And they sing back sweetly, together, and it works."

It's around midnight the next day and we're all packing up to leave the studio for the last time. When I've finished after this time, we'll be in the morning for the matter of which he is made. And I don't mean that as any excuse. It's simply means that there are many parts of Leonard Cohen that Leonard doesn't like, even hates. Once when we were talking I asked him if he liked himself. He thought for a moment and said, "I like my true self." I took that to mean that like most of us he had made for himself a number of selves, public facades, ironic images, romantic personalities that was sure in the process of shipping them away to become his true self. Somewhere back there, perhaps in his twenties when he began to realize the sloppy body with thin one, he began a long uphill battle to bring himself together. Quaking the internal world from the spirit, Leonard is constantly releasing his techniques for getting high. Drugs don't work anymore. Neither does public success, or the music industry, or spirituality (which he was into), but yoga, (which he was writing help) so does Suzanne. The process is ongoing and more profound as the years pass. You can see it on his face. Refusing. Always refusing. And that's why I search out Leonard. Why I love the man. Leonard knows a lot about searching, and I'm trying to become better at it myself. He turned me on to it. My brother crymberd it when he took me inside one day and said, "You don't like yourself? Very much. That's why you can't succeed, you're afraid if you slow down you'll find out there's nothing to you. . . but there is."

I say to Leonard, "I'm looking at the studio and with you in Leonard. We should have and say a good good-bye. Like the first time we ever met. Hello. And recognition. Another encounter. Montreal shared. Nothing promised."

## "We stopped the car to picnic, and the crazy fool spent the afternoon chasing sheep."

And that night you met some Londoners in a pub and they said they were going to the Spots at Grosvenor and why didn't you come along. So you did. Even though you were originally headed the opposite way.

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# TELEVISION

## BY HEATHER ROBERTSON

There's no news like old news.

Fred Clevley is a CBC news reporter in Winnipeg. He also springs for the Toronto Star. This spring, Clevley walked out the fact that an important minister was resigning from the Morrison cabinet. He offered the story to CBC's *The National*. No thanks, said the *National*. So Clevley sent the story off to the *Star*. It was on the front page the next day. He'd sent the *National*. Send us something or the Minister is about to resign! Scooped again, damn it.

In spite of its image of infidelity, the TV news is manufactured — written, edited, spliced and packaged — by a lot of people, each of whom imposes his own little judgement on it. Is the TV news accurate and complete? Is information withheld from us? Is it manipulated or distorted?

Why, for instance, is there exactly the same amount of news every day? Every day is not equally interesting. As for the last 15th second. On slow days, the news is fattened out with fluff; on exciting days, it is drastically trimmed. The result is bland uniformity. The late news could vary in length from one minute to half an hour, why is it standard into an arbitrary television timetable?

Why are the CBC and CTV national news telecasts on at the same time and why are they almost exactly the same? Is that all that's happening in the world? I expect a different approach from a private and public broadcaster — the CBC should be firmer, more outspoken, more controversial. Otherwise what's the point of having a public network? The last "CBC" information programming is generally interchangeable with the private network's suggest that all news broadcasting is following the same rigid, unvarying pattern. The TV news is a kind of magic lantern show — impressive, but not very accurate.

"The TV news stands out of the Canadian government," says one CBC producer. "It's always coming from Ottawa to Ottawa." It also tends to arrive late, gasping, just as the event is over. As a press reporter, I can remember the TV boys staggering into everything half an hour late, panting and wheezing, clanking their equipment around and asking the rest of us what was, "What's going on?" We'd always had a couple of seconds of information. As soon as possible, the TV reporter was dragging his victim in front of the camera, firing two or three questions at him and when they were packing their equipment and gathering off to the next assignment. No wonder the TV news goes as early as and proceeds, a veritable garbage can of information.

An experienced TV reporter refuses his interviews. To a politician, for instance, he says, "Look, we only have 30 seconds. Make it 30 seconds." If he sounds sloppy or if he doesn't say exactly what the reporter wants him to say, they do it over. And over. The reporter often suggests the answers he wants before the interview begins. Secret editing.

The national news relies on politicians, who are easy to find and

while Ottawa reporters scrounge up 40-second clips from press conferences, PM hearings, the Commons question period and the like along with Pierre Trudeau as the bull. Lobby fodder, it's called. Politicians use the news to tell us exactly what they want, so to know, it's not news, it's hot air. Reporters get around this problem by writing little radio scripts and pointing the camera at themselves, that's why many Canadians know Ron Collins as well as they do the Prime Minister. A lot of reporters bubbling incoherently into microphones is not news.

TV's passion for disaster and gossip leaves it full of lurid spots. What does the news tell us about business? Medicine? Education? Where are its trends? Its points of view? At least with a newspaper, we know what's running the show and what he thinks. What did TV tell us about the FLQ before the kidnappings? What is it telling us about Quebec now? In western Canada, no one is concerned with news about Northern Ireland, what are we told about the rest of Canada? Almost nothing. If you want to find out, listen to radio or read the newspaper and newspaper.

Reading, unfortunately, is what most TV reporters are doing. As soon as the city ditches hit the street, they are eagerly scooped by TV reporters who rush out to copy the good stories on film for that night's news. Most of the TV and radio news comes off the Canadian Press teletype. TV reporters report it. If it's not on the teletype, it doesn't exist. The teletype gets its news from the newspapers.

Picking up the stories, CBC and CTV also pick up the prejudices. Instead of providing an alternative viewpoint and source of information, they merely feed the middle-class and politically biased attitudes of the press. TV reporters report it. If it's not on the teletype, it doesn't exist. The teletype gets its news from the newspapers.



Ron Collins

There is almost no independent, investigative reporting on television, no serious research into what's going on behind the scenes, not a trace of skepticism or controversy. TV, which should be sweeping everything, stands in last with yesterday's news. Why? Fair, usually. Private broadcasters are in the business to make money. They tend to look at news as an unavoidable interruption in the commercials and will go to great lengths to avoid offending sponsors. CBC, being a public network.

The CBC's biggest sponsor is the government, the network is deeply afraid of political pressure. Attacks by politicians are frequent and vicious, proposals to cut the CBC are constantly put forward. This "softening-up" has made the CBC pass and about controversy. Instead of toughing it out and justifying its position as the people's network, the CBC has chosen to fade. It passes itself by relying on the press and acting as if it's that's already known, drawing up a series of myths about objectivity while it frantically searches for the government and intellectual hot areas to death.

The easiest way to stay out of trouble, of course, is to avoid reporting. I'm not worried about what I see on the TV news, I am worried about what I don't see. ■

Heather Robertson is a Winnipeg free-lance writer and broadcaster.



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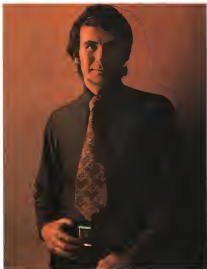


Photo: Richard Bidlake for C&A by Creative Services

Acting is a tough job. Not only on a man. On clothing. It's endless hours of rehearsing and performing. And an actor's shirt should perform as well as he does. So Richard demands a shirt that doesn't look or feel like he wore it to work. Even if he did.

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# FILMS BY JOHN HOFESS

Love is something that other people do. For Will Cole, there's just... well, take a look.

That's him over there bearded with booze. A boy in his late thirties. Thinks he's Gordon Lightfoot after the second drink. Age makes sense now. Given them the roughness of commitment. Not Will. The bounds of his private hell are chasing him.

Will's not a thinking man. He's a dry drunk, an empty stomach. He's two calloused hands spilling for a brawl. He's a scepter of passion asking for a woman. If it weren't for thirst, hunger and sex, Will would have no sense of direction.

Everyone says he can't go on at all. Suggesting one work at the paper still is Cornsucker after a night's carousing with the love where. Heading straight for the pit again after work, desperate to be happy and forget his dull job.

Things used to go better for him. When all his friends were young. Things changed, they changed, he didn't. They settled down and shut their doors on top of them. Will feels more that he can tell this is the unrelieved despair of the marionette.

There was Ruth, the girl he could have married. He touched it. There was his best friend Andrew. He killed him. An accident. The result of one of Will's irresponsible pranks. That's why Will looks so haunted. Every man he thinks of love his origin.

The *Redwoodies* is his story—fancy, and, with a ring of truth. It's a fine new Canadian film written by actor Gordon Pinsent and directed by Peter Carter. As Will Cole, Pinsent gives a performance that verges on a masterpiece. It's the year's Canadian Film Award in his actor.

The film is not always Will's side—there's one of its strengths. He's lay and a bit dumb. There's no attempt to portray him as Newfoundland's native usage or Zorba the Newbie. The supporting cast—Selma Mayfield, Linda Crookson, Frank Cronin, Will Ozer—is well chosen and the Newfoundland coastal scenery is stunning. The *Redwoodies* is one of the best Canadian films we've likely to see this year.

It's never surprising to see a movie had movie for the sake of a good good performance. *Mary, Queen of Scots* would be an unmitigated disaster without Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson. The script by John Hale is not factual, yet not pervasively fictional. Producer Hal Wallis (*Shogun*, *Avatar*) of *The Thousand Days* here writes a Royal soap opera that reduces all of our characters to their basest instincts and moment motives. I loved one woman say while leaving the theatre, "I guess they're all crazy then, too." The film offers a view of history from the level of a chamber pot.

With Alberta's long-haired *Chickadee* Grouse it's safe to predict that *Felix The Cat*, an Indiana X-rated comic and satire, will never play there. It's strictly for the unadorned provinces of British Columbia, Ontario and Quebec, and even there some of its rude leers and lewd drawings may meet with censorious trimming. *Felix The Cat* is so funny no one could think the laughs. As

far as alleged violence to morals—who ever heard of anyone being corrupted by a cartoon?

The moment that patrons pay \$3.50 to see *The Godfather* they realize with a pinch that it's about organized crime. Two days after the film opened in Toronto to record-breaking crowds, Paramount's New York office asked the admission price by 50 cents from three dollars to \$3.50. *The Godfather* is a special movie but neither its budget (around six million dollars) nor its length (three hours) justify its quoting the public to pay off old debts. In this case Paramount's \$17-million disaster, *Fever* Your Wagon, (see our recent page). Nothing in director Francis Ford Coppola's past (*Apocalypse Now*, *The Godfather*, *The Godfather Part II*) prepares one for the tightly disciplined craftsmanship he displays here. *The Godfather* is the most beautiful and satisfying of all the mass entertainment films to come out of Hollywood in recent years. It's the gangster *Bonnie* distilled to its essence. It will undoubtedly have some people, however, who will come out complaining that it's just a spaghetti Western.

*Shogun* is a perfect sort of samurai film—light as a Panama hat, cool as a frozen dagger. It makes the violence and slaying of all the mass entertainment films to come out of Hollywood in recent years. It's the gangster *Bonnie* distilled to its essence. It will undoubtedly have some people, however, who will come out complaining that it's just a spaghetti Western.

Anyone who loves music eventually discovers the historic recordings of Bessie Coleman's 1938 Carnegie Hall jazz concert. There are other inspired moments in pop music singing from



Gordon Pinsent

Clyde McCo's *Sugar Blues* to the Rolling Stones' *Rocky Town Women*, there are more brilliantly conceived compositions in the repertoire of Dave Brubeck and Miles Davis, but the Goodman concert has never been equalled for sheer vision. Among his best and as economic depression and the gathering clouds of war. Yet it is contemporarily joyful music. It accomplishes what I consider to be the highest task of any artist: it successfully lights despair.

No film exists of Goodman's famous concert. A pity, because rock music films such as *Concert For Bangladesh* don't do nearly a good enough job of capturing people and making them feel happy. For Bob Dylan, Dan the Man is a must through his contribution to it. It's a fifth of the 96-minute running time. Billy Preston's performance of *That's The Way God Planned It* is certainly an amazing bit of fancy. Ron Shankar is flawless though better photographed and recorded in *Moscow 1969*. An 41-odd vinyl release version of the film—*It's a Wonderful Life*—is being shown in the larger Canadian cities, but since the show-up in 16-mm opened the picture is grainy, fuzzy and washed-out. A 35-mm version available for smaller theatres should look better. There are certain scenes—*from Rock Around The Clock* in Woodstock, *Don't Look Back* in *Goodbye America*—that represent whole chapters in the history of rock and *Bangladesh* adds only a few *Shankar*. Rock music isn't dead but one seems to feel days of invention are over. *Sweet Town* (with John Lennon), *Random Noise* (with the late Jimi Hendrix) and *Shogun* will be released later this summer. They are to be followed by *Jesus Christ Superstar*, a long banned concert with a beat. I'm all in favor of discounts on records but one should draw the line at *Thoroughly Modern Madmen*. ■

John Hynes is a Canadian film director and critic.



# MUSIC

BY  
MELINDA MCCrackEN

What does Anne Murray do that couldn't originate in Los Angeles? Nothing, but she has the quality necessary to be Canada's one and only female superstar, that is, universal appeal. There's something in the Anne Murray image for everyone — youth for the teens, glamour and good looks for the housewives, an air of the mackinaw, funkiness for the students and hippies, plenty for the media and the magazines for the women, the old folks and the fannies, a good voice for music lovers and assurance for the beavers, lakes and pine trees. And the double one who about her are based on the same universal appeal — anybody who is all things to all people can't be that interesting.

But, in Canada, the key to be an all-purpose star, because there aren't enough people in the country to produce several stars of equal stature appealing to different segments of the population. The trouble is that with Anne Murray the individual, but with her place in Canadian pop mythology. This kind of wildcard is rare. She becomes a fixture, it gets to the sort of queen with the country, like Lata Morgan. She's a color supplement — entertaining, effective, and she comes around every week or so here, because she's Canadian. She'll still be there, whether you seek her out or not. Whether this kind of Canadian stardom is desirable or something to consider.

If Canada can only afford one star star, what happens when another contender with the same appeal comes along? One we can be clearly in just needs, but two? Well, there's a 14-year-old waiting in the wings whose career is bound to compete with hers.

Shirley Edzards was born in Sackville, NB. Her family moved to Ottawa, Ontario, about 20 miles east of Toronto, nine years ago. Her mother, June Edzards, is known as Canada's lady of the lullaby, and has three albums of her lullaby music. Shirley's father plays guitar, and her brother, Ben, 18, plays bass guitar with a jazz group. Coming from such a musical family gives Shirley a tremendous advantage. The truly phenomenal thing is that at 16 she's a confident professional musician. Her guitar playing is relaxed and interesting, her voice easy and effortless — a voice that could belong to a much older person.

Shirley is a natural, comfortable person. When I interviewed her on a busy spring Sunday, she was wearing jeans, black vest, boots, and a crocheted navy-blue vest that had in front over one of those fuzzy rainbow-striped sweaters. Her brown hair is cut in a style that makes her look amazingly young. She's shy, trying to be friendly. She carries a Martin guitar with song titles posted on the side, 100-574.

When you talk to Shirley, you're not so much aware of the verbal information she's coming across as the vibes of warmth and trust and the wide blue eyes telling you she's a good person. Sitting around the corner of a table from her is a good friend who is a wide-eyed, warm, sweet. She's almost upon you, but like eyes wide open and watching. They're so open, you feel you

could sink into them if you don't watch out. It's not that you're afraid she'll bite you, but that you might not bite, she's so close. She's so wide open to her eyes.

Shirley wrote her first song when she was 11. At 12, she says, she was singing about divorce. Six out of the 10 songs on her album, released by Capitol in April and selling well, are her own. They're about love and life, expressed in the simplest terms, and musically they're about as good as any songs you're bound to hear. Her voice and her melodies are one.

At this point, Shirley doesn't do anything that couldn't originate in LA either, but her appeal is the same as Anne Murray's. The moment you hear Shirley's voice, you'll recognize the impending collision. The voice, it's the voice. That warm, soothing way she fills all the cracks in your soul. Shirley adds a Doors-style whine at the end of phrases, but one wonder if she'll be distinguishable from Anne Murray on the air. "Is that Anne Murray?" "No, that's Shirley Edzards," says of confusion. Shirley came the same route, via Canadian television: *Songplay Jubilee*, the *Tommy Hunter Show*, *Rollin' on the River*. And the place she occupies is music, bridging country and western and folk — her guitar instrumental, *Folkies' My Way*, has been recorded by Celine Dion, but she's performed at Graceland, a Toronto rock house — in tribute to Anne's Shirley calls what she's aiming for "contemporary people music", in other words, universal appeal.

But perhaps it's unfair to dwell upon the similarities between Shirley and Anne Murray. The confusion may be sorted by the fact that Shirley wrote her own songs while Anne doesn't. The lyrics reflect the ingenuousness of a voice coming and the simplicity of her emotional experience.

*It takes time to meet a woman  
It takes time for love to be  
You've never really said  
But you're never really free  
It takes time for all the dreams  
To be drunk with properly  
And everybody knows that it takes time*

As a songwriter, Shirley has already discovered the power of metaphor that is her source of songs. "You have to really understand your own feelings," she says. In the presence of a microphone, Shirley assumes the lovely burden of the folk artist, today's custodian of human values. It's a serious mission, and she knows it, but she sings like her song, and there's not a doubt in your mind. She's found the place her music will come from, she's just searching for what she's going to say. It will be interesting when she can get to expressing her own personal changes by making her own soul, instead of trying to live up to the demands of universal appeal. But, as Shirley would say, it takes time.

Christopher Kearney (Capitol) — A strong fine stream by a Canadian who sings good, funky, slightly radio songs in a voice similar to James Taylor's in style, but less intrepid. Backing up Kearney are David Bromberg, on slide guitar and dobro. James Robertson on bass, Terry Clarke on drums, Jack O'Connell on acoustic and electric guitar, Chuck Anderson on electric guitar and Ben Adley on keyboard. Anne and Adley peeped up behind Don Higgins and Pierre Lalonde on their album, and have a second album of their own out on Capitol, which is much more confident than their first. Anne's and Adley's music is cerebral and you-oriented, and Adley's arrangements are fun and interesting. ■

Melinda McCracken is a Toronto free-lance writer.

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